VOGUE

60¢
APRIL 15

THE
BALENCIAGA
NEWS

AUDREY
HEPBURN
AND
GIVENCHY

PINK PINK PINK
INSIDE
AND OUT—
n fashion, in beauty



Sardinia:
photographed by
Henri Cartier-Bresson

ADVANCED
EDITION



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APRIL 15, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President

Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



COVER BY WILLIAM KLEIN

COVER: What you see here—some of the backstage bustle that went on in Paris recently, just before the enchanting, pink-sashed St. Laurent dress was photographed for the cover of this pink-primed issue of Vogue. The scene: the dressing-room, or *cabine*, at Vogue's Paris studio. The cast of characters: Alexandre, the great French hairdresser; the Vogue crew. And the star—St. Laurent's touchingly pretty evening dress, one of the smash hits of his spring collection. A bright-pink ribbon sash ties just under the bosom of the sleeveless, jetty little cardigan, dropped over a full-length shirtwaist of white silk, polka-dotted in black. Dress, of Abraham silk; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Alexandre coiffure, rounded, abloom with the lacquered-hair flowers the *maître* conjured up for the St. Laurent Collection. Lipstick, Charles of the Ritz Cultured Pink.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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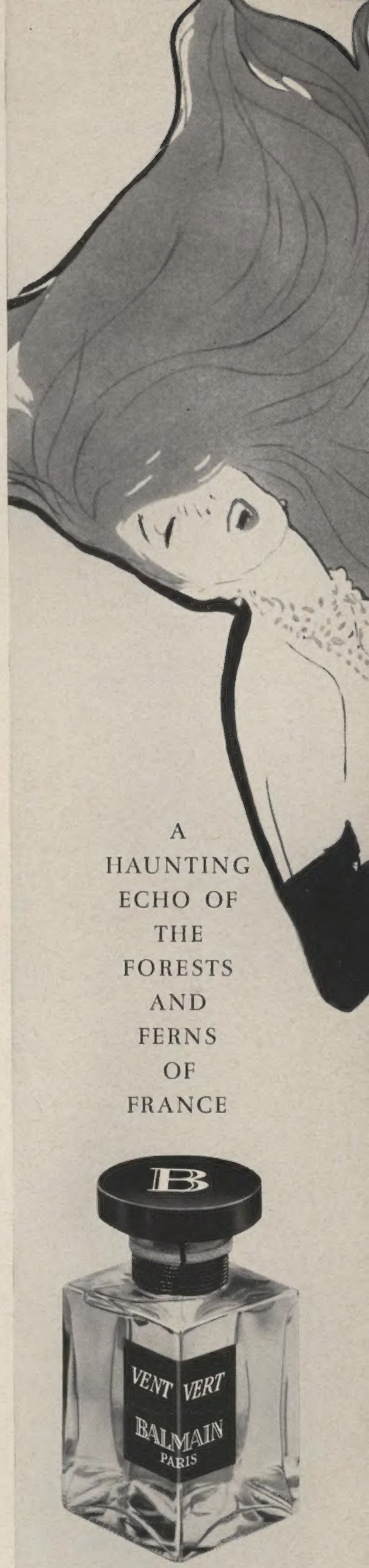
William S. Cox
Business Manager

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by

Estée Lauder



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Reigning fashion: the new princess

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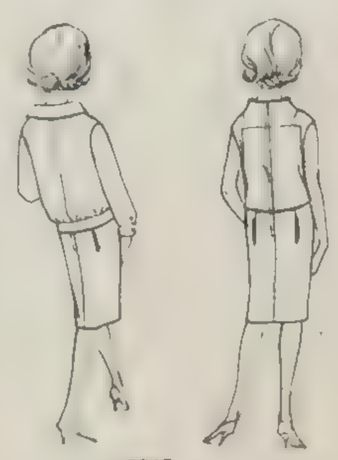
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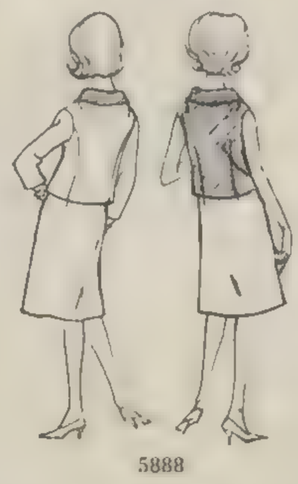


It's not that everyone sees the case encasing the lipstick that colours your mouth that expresses your expression; few people do. Still, a minor pleasure in the business of feeling attractive is a certain pop-up kind of freshness in anything as basic and belonging as a lipstick. Women who use Avon cosmetics (some fifteen million women in the U.S.A.; and ever so many in the other eight countries in which Avon circulates) will be seeing the lipstick above in their own handbags in the year to come. Called "The Fashion Lipstick," the contents come in the tonalities of pink, coral, and red that count in fashion lipsticks now. The case itself: charming wallpaper wildflowers sealed in clear plastic. The lipstick, roughly $1 plus tax in the U.S.A. east, west, north, south of the Mississippi, and at what's planned to be a comparable price when the time comes, east and west of the Amazon and the Rhine.

VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 128-129, other views, yardages, details)


5847


5888

Above, left: Windbreak suit, its blouse—Vogue Pattern 5847; 10 to 18. For size 14, 3½ yards of 45″ suit fabric; 1¾ yards of 35″ blouse fabric (both without nap). $1.50. In Canada, $1.65. *Above, right:* Suit and blouse, Vogue Pattern 5888; 10 to 18. For size 14: 4 yards of 35″ suit fabric; 1⅜ yards of 45″ blouse fabric (both without nap). $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

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3. KLM has been flying longer than any other airline. Forty-three years to be exact. And many a KLM jet captain has logged over 25,000 flying hours—the equivalent of 3 full years in the air.

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The shell-collar dress,
marvelously becoming fashion
shaped in ease-care Arnel knit
triacetate. Fabric by **Spielberg**
in summer white sparked with
navy, red or brown trim.
8 to 18, about 18.00



Live in a

Nelly Don





Nelly Don's Summer knit,
easy travelling companion
in Arnel triacetate by **Folker.**
Slimming skirt banded with
tucks. Penline stripes knitted
in red, black or brown on
white. 10 to 20 and 10½
to 20½, about 20.00

Summer in America . . .

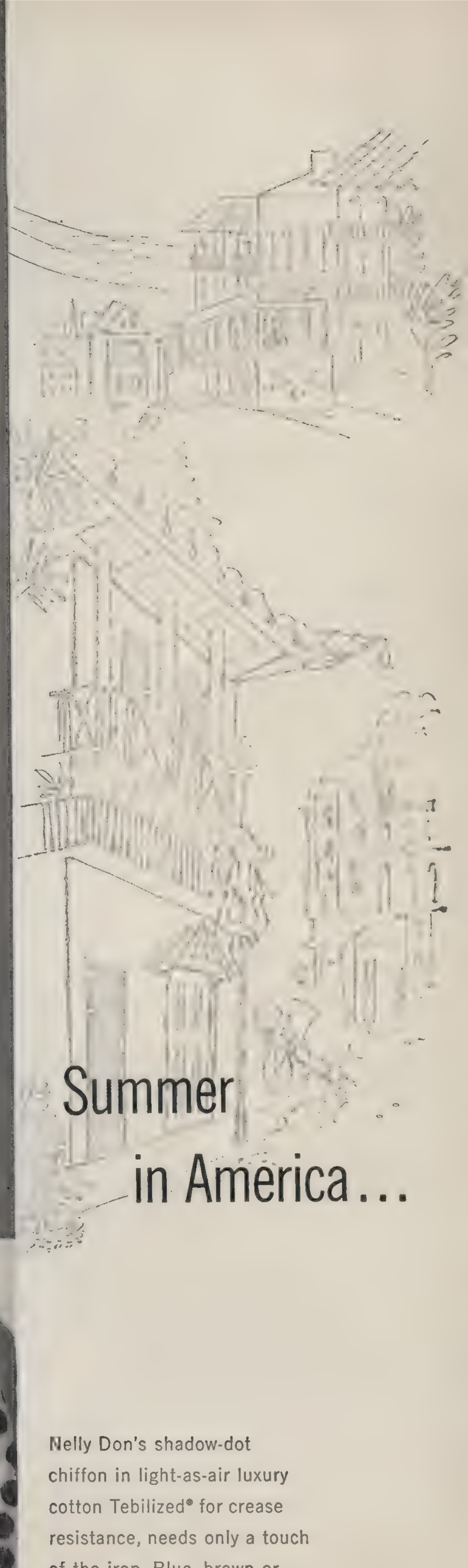
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Sunstriped shirtdress, softly tailored in Ultima, a superb blend of Dacron polyester and Avril rayon by **Cohama.** Blue, jonquil or green. 10 to 20 and 10½ to 20½, about 20.00







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Nelly Don's shadow-dot chiffon in light-as-air luxury cotton Tebilized® for crease resistance, needs only a touch of the iron. Blue, brown or green. 8 to 18, about 15.00

Embroidered sheath,
fully lined and gently shaped
in a fine gardenia eyelet cotton
by *Dumari*. Town black, brown
or white. 12 to 20 and 12½
to 20½, about 23.00



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Nelly Don

Write Nelly Don, Kansas City, Missouri for
store nearest you featuring the dresses shown
in this series . . . then "Just Try One On"





Fashion has gone to sea! The nautical influence extends from bell-bottomed trousers to striped tee shirts, brass buttons and silky braid. The St. Tropez look is sweeping fashion and the tricolor is everywhere. The shift is still a favorite, but watch the new shapemakers . . . lightly fitted tunics and the sweater look.

You'll be wearing sea-tinged pastels, pearly beiges and whites, sun-lit oranges. City darks will be mated with lighter or brighter tones. And you'll need lighter, sunshinier lipsticks . . . the new "Sailing Colors" by Dorothy Gray. They're Coral Sail and Spinnaker Pink, for summer cruising –at sea or on the town.

Coral Sail is a misty, shimmering coral for all the new yellows, oranges and pearly neutrals. Spinnaker Pink is rousing as a sea chanty with the rosy tints, blues and the tricolor. Either is splendid sunshine with greens, black and neutrals. Suntanned or untanned, you'll love your looks in both.

For matching nail dazzle with depth and durability, Dorothy Gray makes Fashion Finish Nail Enamel in the same luscious colors.

Final flash . . . the newest, neatest way to remove nail enamel is with Dorothy Gray Nail Enamel Remover Pads. There's no bottle to break or leak. Twelve foil-wrapped pads in each package . . . each pad enough for ten fingertips . . . perfect for travel. And each contains a built-in moisturizer.

The New American Beauty will sail into this summer . . . with sailing colors from

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the cherished care
for complexion and hair

SARDINIA INCIDENTALS— PRACTICAL, SPECIFIC

The island of Sardinia, that publicized vedette of the Mediterranean, only an hour from Rome, remains untrampled, haunted by history. Strange structures called *nuraghi* resemble Cyclopean fortresses; some of the towns seem Spanish; the festivals are like a time exposure of illuminations; the food is straight Italian, and under the warm, apricot sunshine, white campaniles spike the blue sky. The splashy tourist developments making headlines exist only in blueprint; the island's grained white beaches lie deserted and silent. Here: where to stay now, ways of going, some taste pleasures, and festivals.

WHERE TO STAY

Two of the best hotels, combining all the Sardinian charm of quiet, beach, and comfort, stand each at one end of the island with an airport and a harbour apiece. On the west coast at Fertilia, some three miles from the walled Spanish harbour of Alghero, is the attractive Albergo dei Pini. Especially good: water-skiing around the spit of land, delicious lobster served on the vine-shaded terrace, a pleasant English-speaking staff. For one person with meals, $15. *Note:* no air-conditioning, instead the freshness of the *maestrale*.

In the south at Pula di Santa Margherita, eighteen miles from Cagliari, the capital city, stands the Hotel Is Morus which looks like a country house on the beach. Pleasant rooms, covered terraces, tennis, riding; here, too, $15 a day covers everything. The beach that draws everyone—visitors and residents—is Poetto, a five-mile sweep as celebrated as Jamaica's Doctor's Cave or Biarritz's Chambre d'Amour. In the city, among the cool pleasures on the ground floor of the Archaeological Museum, the extraordinary prehistoric bronzes are like small Giacomettis.

PLEASURES TO TRY

Some island specialties: the full-bodied *Vernaccia*, an apéritif wine the colour of gold, like a very dry sherry . . . Casizzolu, the pear-shaped cheese, mild flavoured when fresh, strong and biting when seasoned . . . the grainy-textured honey smelling of almond blossoms . . . the bitter-sweet *candelaus*, those small pastry shells filled with almond paste sharpened with orange.

Festivals honouring saints go on all the year all over the island. On feast days, the women's dresses, bright as fireflies, contrast with the sombre processions. The most important pageant on the island, called quite rightly, the Sardinian Cavalcade, is at Sassari; this year's date, May 23; at Cagliari, the great festival of St. Efisio, Sardinia's patron saint, May 1-4.

HOW TO GO

Sardinia is easy from Italy's mainland either by ship or by plane. The one-hour trip from Rome to Alghero, $32 there and back; to Cagliari, takes another fifteen minutes, adds another two dollars. As one Italian said: "It's only a cigarette smoke further away." *Note:* passengers flying New York-Rome aboard Alitalia may fly to Sardinia and back to Rome at no extra cost.

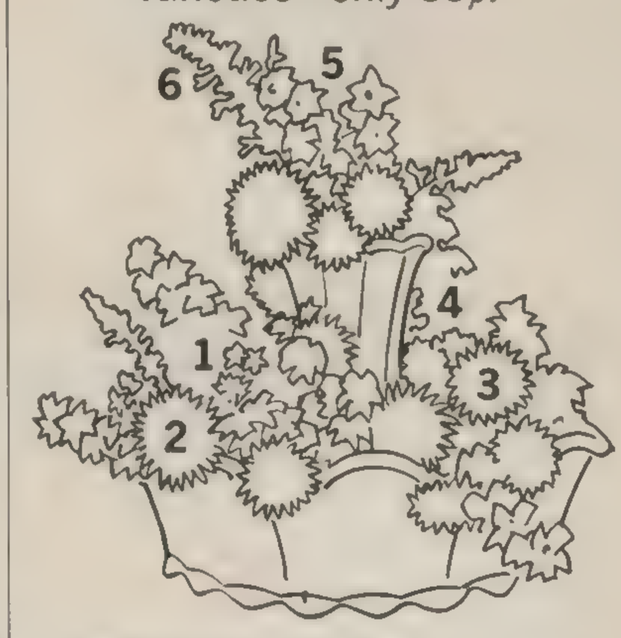
Many people living on the Italian mainland weekend at their places in Sardinia. Italy's President, Antonio Segni, commutes year-round.

Every evening, comfortable clean boats sail from Civitavecchia, Rome's seaport, on the overnight trip to Olbia and Cagliari; from Genoa, to Porto Torres. First class to Olbia, one way: about $9; to Cagliari, $13; to Porto Torres, $14.

NEW! A single seed packet gives you a

BOUQUET OF BLUE

A special selection of six different, delightful varieties—only 35¢!



1. ANCHUSA BLUE BIRD. Clusters of intense, electric blue blossoms, borne on tall, rigid stems. Ideal for cutting.

2. ASTER CREGO DARK BLUE. Deep violet blue flowers with incurved petals crown sturdy long-stemmed plants.

3. BACHELOR'S BUTTON. (Cornflower) Large, double. Clear blue flowers on bushy compact plants. An old favorite in bouquets.

4. CYNOGLOSSUM FIRMAMENT. (Chinese Forget-Me-Not) Rich blue forget-me-not-like blooms above showy loose sprays.

5. LARKSPUR IMPERIAL. Beautiful blue shades on attractive, upright spikes. Dramatic in the garden bed or bouquet.

6. SALVIA BLUE BEDDER. Frosty silver-blue flowers grow in striking profusion on fragrant foliage. Graceful stems are ideal for lovely flower arrangements.

Bouquet of Blue is so easy to grow! Just plant in any good garden soil according to package directions. Some seeds germinate faster than others; be sure to keep soil moist until all seedlings appear. Thin to about six inches apart to avoid crowding.

FASHION NEWS!

Bouquet of Blue—a harmony of blue tints, shades and hues is one of the year's leading fashion color ideas! Look for beautiful "Bouquet of Blue" prints featured by leading fabric manufacturers.

Choose your flower garden this year from the many attractive varieties displayed in Northrup King's colorful seed rack. You'll find the exclusive "Bouquet of Blue" and a wide selection of other quality seeds.



NORTHRUP · KING & CO.
Minneapolis, Minn. • Boise, Idaho • Fresno, Calif.

NEW! A single seed packet gives you a

BOUQUET OF BLUE

It's a new garden idea — six enchanting varieties in one packet! Breathtaking and charming . . . brilliant clear blues, intense dark blues, soft velvety blues and lovely lavender blues. Northrup King's unique new creation, "Bouquet of Blue"* is sure to delight you in so many ways — with a beautiful bed of color, and with stunning, subtly shaded bouquets and arrangements. This spring, plant "Bouquet of Blue", a carefully chosen assortment of six choice flower varieties: Anchusa, Aster, Bachelor's Button, Cynoglossum, Larkspur and Blue Salvia. An outstanding value now at your Northrup King seed rack!



NORTHRUP, KING SEEDS

*Bouquet of Blue is a trademark of Northrup, King & Co.







for your Castle~

Mmm, towels and sheets possessed of roses in moonlight—how magical the mood of Cannon's Dream Song coordinates! Shown here in a bouquet of Blue; heavenly too in glowing Pink, golden Bronze. Bath towel, about $2. Twin percale sheet, about $3.50.

Enhance your Dream Song decor with notes of solid color plucked from the new Cannon Castle Colors. In lavish towels, about $2. In Cannon Combspun® percale sheets, twin, about $3. All from our Royal Family collection . . . all towels permanently pucker-free. All cotton. Cannon Mills, Inc., N. Y. C. 20.

The
Cannon Royal Family
of Home Fashions





SCAASI SUMS UP THE COVER GIRL LOOK

"It's the positive look in clothes...in beauty."

Scaasi's positive silhouette, worn here by cover girl Isabella, is a curve of white textured fabric, with new cuffed sleeve, new width to the shoulder. Another positive: white stopped with black . . . a sweeping hat of glazed black straw, glazed black gloves, black-piped pumps. Scaasi adds his new two-level earrings.

Cover Girl make-up completes the positive cover girl look. Foundation and matching powder that emphasize naturally light skin, add drama to a brunette complexion, play up the new-again look of a brilliant mouth. Cover Girl Make-up does *that*—and more. It's the fragrant, glamour make-up that's *good* for your skin, helps keep it cover girl clear!

Cover Girl Liquid Make-up
Cover Girl Matte Make-up
Cover Girl Loose Powder
Cover Girl Pressed Powder Compact
All by Noxzema . . .
Medicated • Antiseptic • Fragrant

Each $1.50 *plus tax*



ADOLFO HAT
PAPPAGALLO PUMPS

(Advertisement)

DU PONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*



Dress: 100% "Antron" nylon*

ANTRON®, a new nylon, makes jersey richer, more radiant than ever

Tiger, tiger, blazing bright in marvelous, bold stripes of black on white. Pure drama. 100% "Antron" nylon. Vivid with color. Light, soft to touch. And jersey of "Antron" washes, dries, dazzles again in minutes! This new flare in black, taupe or blue. 10-20. About $26. At Marshall Field & Company, Chicago; The H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati; Bullock's Downtown, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Or write to L'Aiglon. 1350 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

by L'AIGLON

**Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabric or fashion shown. Hat by Sally Victor. Gloves of Du Pont Nylon by Finale.*



when you start with this Formfit Bra.

Its cups, exquisite nylon lace. All the rest, light, smooth Lycra* spandex (nylon, acetate, spandex) in sections that stretch three different ways. Super-natural flex and fit . . . super-lovely young line. White, Black. A, B, C sizes. Style 549. $5.00

*DuPont trademark

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • A FASHION DIVISION OF GENESCO • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO • PARIS • LONDON • SYDNEY

Fiesta Bra
only by

Formfit

Many Formfit styles are fashion coordinated with Rogers lingerie



GREEK XPRESSION 1963 A.D.

Michel puts the mad-bright, articulate colors of Greece into lipsticks and nail enamels; commixes them with sun-burnished Color-In-Crème makeup. Voilà—a fashion-new, devil-may-care look Michel calls Greek Xpression which succinctly captures the excitement of Greece today. The bedazzling-bright shade on the lips and nails of the imperturbable goddess pictured is Electra X Orange—a violent hot orange. Two other fervent Mediterranean sun colors: Athena X Rose—a clear glowing rose; Phaedra X Pink—a sharp-poignant pink. At discerning stores. For one nearest you write Michel Cosmetics, 10-25 48th Ave., Long Island City 1, New York.

P.S. Two new Michel products worth trying: Email Remover, and Vitrea Nail Glaze to protect nails from splitting; manicure from chipping.

Michel

JR.SOPHISTICATES

About sixty dollars at fine stores.





The textury look

of tycora® yarn, the acrylic with the look of silk, makes this one of the season's preferred knits. Nantucket Knitters does it in citron, melon, Capri blue, black, 8 to 16, $45

Town and Country Knits, 3rd Floor

Also at all 4 branch stores

BLOOMINGDALE'S • LEXINGTON at 59th, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • EL 5-5900

IN

MAY VOGUE:

SPECIAL
BEAUTY
BULLETIN

News about
this summer's
hair, nails, mouth...
how to
keep a tan
from tarnishing...
new shapes
in sunglasses

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The smash of Peter Duchin at the St. Regis Maisonette in New York

With his free-swinging piano, his handsome ways, and his eleven-piece band, Peter Duchin has become the young piper for New Yorkers who come to dance all evening at the St. Regis Maisonette. Hiply up-beat, the Duchin tempo veers mostly toward untwistable, distinctly danceable music—such new show songs as "As Long As He Needs Me," and those ballads played by his famous father, Eddy Duchin, in the 1930's. The note struck is both cheerful and cosy.



1



2



3

Part of the spirit of the Maisonette these nights is the attractive mélange of people, young ones who know about Peter, older ones who remember his father, all crowding the big red room, airily muralled in pink, white, and grey Aegean marbles. Rather than drifting on to other parties, they often linger until two in the morning, dancing, or perhaps, slipping into La Boite, a supper room with pianist and fiddler, just west of the Maisonette.



4



5



6



7

1. Peter Duchin, playing and leading his orchestra at the St. Regis Maisonette. 2. Mrs. Alan J. Lerner and Baron de Rede. 3. Mme. Pierre Millet, the wife of the Permanent Resident Deputy of France to the United Nations. 4. Countess Eleonora Attelico di Adelphia and Mr. Alan J. Lerner. 5. Mrs. Graham Mattison. 6. Donna Maria Vittoria Revedin, the daughter of the Italian Ambassador to Israel. 7. Mrs. Gilbert Miller and Count Domingo de la Ren at a party for dancing.

START
TODAY
TO END
DRY SKIN
WITH
HELENA
RUBINSTEIN'S
SKIN DEW®

EXCLUSIVE
INVISIBLE
ALL-DAY
MOISTURE
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Skin Dew is so dewy-light,
you'll wear it all the time—
especially under make-up!

GIVES
YOUR SKIN
A FRESH
DEWY
LOOK!



3.00, 5.00
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MORE ABOUT THE BEAUTIFYING BATH

and a way to sample it



This is what they look like when they're together—and when their white wickery-looking packages are on view—the four scented accessories that make up the new Max Factor bath programme called Golden Woods (about which, see page 119). The bath perfume is the key. How to wear it: spilled into bath water, where it goes into action, leaving a clinging, silky scent on the skin. For skin that needs still more silking, there's Golden Woods bath oil. And to keep the image going, bath powder and a cologne spray mist. Since the best way to judge a scent is to live with it, a special sampling of the bath perfume has been arranged—the dram-sized flacon below is a present; the twenty-five cents covers the cost of handling and mailing to you. . . .



VOGUE
Department Golden Woods
3921 Wilshire Blvd.,
Los Angeles 5, California

Please send me Vogue's sampling of Golden Woods bath perfume as offered in the April 15, 1963 issue. I enclose $.25 in cash to cover the cost of handling and postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *Zone*_____ *State*_____

This offer is good only in Continental U.S.A. through June 15, 1963. Please allow three weeks for delivery.

There are willowy mothers and ample mothers

Ship'n Shore®



sizes 38 to 44 ... romantic new toile print for a roll-sleeve shirt, and a scattering of fresh-cut flowers on a charming print blouse. Easy-care all cottons, 4.00.

and fragile mothers and stately mothers. Here's a gift of fashion for them all. *(Happy Mother's Day)*

CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport; *Howland's*
Bridgeport; *Nyden's*
Bridgeport; *D. M. Read*
Canaan; *Dankin's*
Danbury; *Feinson's*
Danbury, Meriden, NewLondon, and Bristol, Norwalk; *Genung's*
Danbury; *John McLean*
Essex; *Greenburg's Republic*
Guilford; *Lupone's*
Hartford; *Sage-Allen&branches*
Manchester; *Burton's*
Middletown; *Esta's*
Naugatuck; *M. Freedman*
NewBritain; *Davidson&Leventhal & branches*
New Haven; *Edw. Malley*
New Haven; *Sterling&Susman*
New Milford; *Joseph Golden*
Stamford; *Sarner's*
Stamford; *Dorothy Stein*
Torrington; *W. W. Mertz*
Wallingford; *Fashion Studio*
Waterbury; *Howland-Hughes*
Waterbury; *Worth's*
West Haven; *Horwitz Store*
Westport; *Greenberg's Store*
Willimantic; *Fullerton & Fournier*

DELAWARE
Bridgeville, Georgetown; *Nancy Lee Shops*
Dover; *Emanuel's*
Milford; *D. Coopersmith*
Newark; *Newark Dept. Store*
Selbyville; *SeaViewTown&Beach*
Wilmington; *Braunstein's*
Wilmington; *Kennard's*
Wilmington; *Lincoln Shop*

MAINE
Augusta; *D. W Adams*
Augusta; *Town'nCountryFashions*
Bangor; *Cortell-Segal*
Bangor; *Freese's*
Biddeford; *Butler's Store*
Biddeford; *Matson's*
Biddeford; *W. E. Youland*
Brunswick; *J. E. Davis*
Brunswick; *W F. Senter*
Camden, Belfast; *Achorn's*
Camden; *Haskell & Corthell*
Caribou; *L. S. Hall*
Ellsworth; *Willey's*
Farmington; *E. K. Day*
Freeport, Saco; *Men's Shop*
Lewiston; *Lady Benoit*
Lewiston; *B. Peck*
Lewiston; *Ward Bros.*
Machias; *Machias System*
Millinocket; *Quint'sClothing*
Old Town; *H. M. Goldsmith*
Portland; *Catir's*
Portland; *Owen Moore*
Portland; *J. E. Palmer*
Portland; *Porteous, Mitchell&Braun*
Portland; *Rines Bros*
Presque Isle; *Weinberg's*
Rumford; *E. K. Day*
Skowhegan; *Kennedy Crane*
Waterville; *Butler's Store*
Waterville; *Sterns Stores*
Westbrook; *Parker'sDressShop*

MASSACHUSETTS
Allston; *Regent Stores*
Athol; *Katz Co.*
Athol; *Moskovitz Shop*
Attleboro; *London's*
Attleboro; *Milady's Shop*
Bedford; *Stefanie Fashions*
Boston; *Conrad&Chandler&branches*
Boston; *Wm. Filene's*
Boston; *Gilchrist's&branches*
Boston; *JordanMarsh&branches*
Boston, Chestnut Hill; *R. H. Stearns*
Brockton; *Edgar's*
Brockton; *Fraser's*
Cambridge; *Jo Ann*
Chicopee; *Ferris'*
Dedham; *Geishecker's*
Dennisport; *Edson's*
Fall River; *R. A. McWhirr*
Falmouth, OakBluffs; *G&B Clo.*
Fitchburg, Leominister; *Allen's*
Fitchburg; *Rogers*
Fitchburg; *Barney Rosen*
Framingham; *New York Store*
Gardner; *Rose's Clothing*
Gloucester; *Wm. G. Brown*
Greenfield; *Aliber's*
Greenfield; *Wilson's*
Haverhill; *Mitchell&Co.*
Holden; *M. P. Benson*
Holyoke; *McAuslan&Wakelin*
Holyoke; *Albert Steiger's*
Indian Orchard; *Kitchener's*
Jamaica Plain; *Wayne Store*
Lawrence, Fall River, and Lowell; *Cherry & Webb*
Lawrence, Andover; *A. B. Sutherland*
Lee; *Towne Shoppe*
Lexington; *Loralane*
Lowell; *The Bon Marche*
Lowell; *Lemkin's*
Lowell; *A. G. Pollard*
Lynn; *Burrows & Sanborn*
Lynn; *T. W. Rogers*
Mansfield; *Sannie's*
MattapanSq; *Murray's Store*
Melrose; *Clement's*
Middleboro; *Boston Store*
Milford; *Louis' Fashion*
New Bedford; *Cherry&Webb*
New Bedford; *Sadow's*
New Bedford; *Star Store*
Newburyport; *H. W. Pray*
Newburyport; *PuritanClothing*
North Adams; *Boston Store*
Northampton; *McCallum's*
North Easton; *BettyJeanShop*
No. Quincy; *Ethelyn Shoppe*
North Scituate; *S. Gates*
Orange; *Orange Clothing*
Orleans; *Charles H. Watson*
Pittsfield; *England Bros.*
Pittsfield; *Holden & Stone*
Plymouth, Nantucket, and Cape Cod; *Buttner's*
Quincy; *Remick's*
Quincy, Braintree; *Sheridan's*
Rockland; *David S. Morse*
Rockland; *Stewart's*
Salem, Beverly, Danvers, and Burlington; *Almy's*
Saugus; *Hoffman's*
So. Boston, Somerville; *Tuck's*
Southbridge; *Edwards Corp.*
So. Weymouth; *The Wardrobe*
Springfield; *Blake's Store*
Springfield; *Brigham Co.*
Springfield; *Carlisle's*
Springfield; *Forbes&Wallace*
Springfield, Longmeadow; *Steiger's*
Stoughton; *Women'sApparelShop*
Wakefield; *Bowser & Co.*
Wa pole; *C. E Holt*
Waltham; *Grover Cronin*
Waltham; *ParkeSnow, all stores*
Waltham; *Vanity Shops*
Wareham; *George E. Cornwell*
Westfield; *Brundage's*
West Newton; *Barron's*
Whitman; *Spinning Wheel*
Wilmington; *Weinberg's*
Winchendon; *Rose's*
Worcester; *Barnard, Sumner&Putnam*
Worcester; *Richard Healy*
Worcester; *R H. White*

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Berlin; *Simon Davis Shop*
Berlin; *Labnon's Store*
Claremont; *Queen Shops*
Dover; *Ray's Shoppe*
Hillsboro; *Tasker's*
Keene; *Quality Shoppe*
Laconia; *Oscar Lougee*
Laconia; *Dennis O'Shea*
Lebanon; *The Style Shop*
Manchester; *James W. Hill*
Manchester; *Leavitt's*
Nashua; *Miller'sWomen'sShop*
Nashua; *Speare Dry Goods*
Peterborough; *Derby's Store*
Portsmouth; *GeorgeH.Kimball*
Somersworth; *Christine'sDress*

NEW JERSEY
Asbury Park, Red Bank; *Steinbach's*
Bayonne; *Paramount Shop*
Bergenfield; *Florence Shop*
Bridgeton; *Rovner's Store*
Clifton; *Williams Store*
Cranford; *Jay Mar*
Elizabeth, Plainfield; *R. J. Goerke*
Elizabeth, Clifton; *LevyBros.*
FortLee; *Schweitzer'sStore*
Hackensack; *Famous Fain*
Hackensack; *Willner's*
Hohokus; *Quality Shop*
Merchantville; *Rose Haslam*
Metuchen; *Morris Stores*
Morristown; *M. Epstein*
Newark; *Bamberger's&branches*
Newark, East Orange, Summit; *Kresge-Newark*
New Brunswick; *P. J. Young's*
Newton; *Gerri-Lee*
OceanCity; *HowardStainton*
Parlin; *Syloette Sayre*
Passaic; *The Fair*
Paterson; *Meyer Bros.*
Perth Amboy; *Paramount Shop*
Plainfield; *Tepper's*
Pompton Lakes; *Gelman's*
Princeton; *Bailey's*
Rahway; *Pachman's Shop*
Ramsey; *Lorene Scala*
Somerville; *M. H. Burke*
S. Orange; *Bellin's*
Summit; *Brooks of Summit*
Trenton; *Nevius-Voorhees*
Tuckerton; *ReubenA.Gerber*
Union City; *A. Holthausen*
Vineland, Millville; *Fashion Shops*
Washington; *Cohen's*
West New York; *Lily Shop*

NEW YORK
Albany; *Wm.Whitney*
Albion; *Landauer*
Amsterdam; *M. Lurie*
Attica; *The Fashion Shop*
Auburn; *Hislop's*
Binghamton; *FowlerDick&Walker*
Binghamton; *McLean's*
Binghamton; *Tri-Phi Shops*
Boonville, Lowville, and Cooperstown; *Hill's Store*
Brooklyn; *MacRae Shops*
Buffalo; *AdamMeldrum&Anderson & branches*
Buffalo; *Hens&Kelly&branches*
Buffalo; *Sturner's*
Eastport; *H. Goldstein*
Farmingdale; *MidIslandStores*
Forest Hills; *Jayson's*
Hamburg; *D. C. Shop*
Haverstraw, NewCity; *Lichter's*
Herkimer; *Munger's-Genung's*
Hornell; *Cameo Shop*
Jamaica; *B. Gertz&branches*
Johnstown; *Gould's Store*
Kingston, Saugerties; *London's*
Kingston; *Wallace Co.*
Little Neck; *Drobbins Store*
Lockport; *Williams Bros.*
Long Beach; *Smorack's*
Long Island City; *Golden Rule*
Massena; *Levine's Store*
Middleburgh; *Wohl's*
Middletown, *TompkinsDryGds*
Newburgh; *Fish-Freinhar*
New York; *Empress Sptswr.*
New York; *Gimbels&branches*
NewYork; *Saks-34th&branches*
Niagara Falls; *Jenss'&branches*
Nyack; *Van Der Waldes*
Oceanside; *Alice Adams*
Ossining; *M. Falk*
Patchogue; *Swezey & Newins*
Pearl River; *Sondra Shop*
Penn Yan; *Lown's*
Port Chester; *J. R. Fertig*
Poughkeepsie, Kingston; *Wallace Co.*
Riverhead; *Le Roy's*
Rochester; *McCurdy's&branches*
Rome; *Kanoff's*
Schenectady, Mayfair; *CarlCo.*
Schenectady; *Wallace Co.*
Seaford; *Mid Island Store*
Syracuse; *Dey Bros.*
Syracuse; *E. W. Edwards*
Syracuse; *LadyfairFashions*
Syracuse; *Witherill's*
Utica; *The Boston Store*
Walton, Sidney; *Style Shop*
Watertown; *The Globe Store*
Wellsville; *Rockwell's*
Westchester; *Genung's, all stores*
Yonkers; *Mimi-Yonkers*

PENNSYLVANIA
Aliquippa; *Staman's*
Allentown; *H. Leh&Co.*
Altoona; *Wm. F. Gable*
Altoona; *Kaufman's*
Ambridge; *Pearl FashionShop*
Barnesboro; *Freeman's*
Beaver; *Koelbel's*
Belle Vernon; *Vic's*
Berwick; *Guinan's Store*
Braddock; *J. M. Balter*
Bradford; *Johnston Store*
Bradford; *A. J. Olsen*
Brookville; *Rubin's*
Butler; *A. E. Troutman*
Carbondale; *Globe Fashion*
Carnegie; *Block's*
Carnegie; *Price's*
Chambersburg; *Tobey's*
Charleroi; *Miller'sFashions*
Chester; *Speare Brothers*
Clearfield; *LeitzingerBros.*
Connellsville; *A.E.Troutman*
Donora; *Williams of MonValley*
Dunmore; *Leo Weinman*
Easton; *H. B. Sigal*
Ebensburg; *Shadden's*
Erie; *Kline's Store*
Erie; *The Sportsman*
Erie; *Trask's*
Export; *The Hub Store*
Franklin; *The Fashion*
Greensburg; *Royer's*
Greensburg; *A. E. Troutman*
Harrisburg; *Bowman's&branches*
Harrisburg; *Feller's*
Hatboro; *Santerian's*
Hazelton; *Deisroth's*
Homestead; *Hyman's*
Honesdale; *Katz Bros.*
Honesdale; *Mackie's*
Huntingdon; *Poser's Store*
Indiana; *Brody's*
Indiana; *A. E Troutman*
Jeannette; *M. A. Gillespie*
Jeannette; *Ratner's*
Johnstown; *De Roy's*
Johnstown; *Glosser Bros.*
Johnstown; *Penn Traffic*
Johnstown; *Town&CountryShoppe*
Lancaster; *Garvin's*
Lancaster; *Hager's*
Lancaster; *Watt & Shand*
Latrobe; *The Hollywood Shop*
Latrobe; *A. E. Troutman*
Lebanon; *Haak Bros.*
Leechburg; *PhiladelphiaStore*
Lewistown; *Danks & Co.*
Lewiston; *McMeen's Store*
Lock Haven; *Luria's*
McKeesport; *Cox's*
McKeesport; *Immel's*
Media; *Snowden's*
Montrose; *MontroseDept.Store*
Mt. Pocono; *Mt. Pocono Apparel*
Mt. Union; *Dave Saxe*
NewCastle; *NewCastleDryGoods*
New Kensington; *Hart's*
Newtown; *The Towne Shop*
Norristown; *Lloyds of LoganSq.*
Northampton; *H. A. Miller*
Palmyra; *Ferry's*
Phila., *Germantown; Allen's*
Philadelphia; *Dewees*
Philadelphia, *Gimbels&branches*
Phila., *Germantown, C A Rowell*
Philipsburg; *Parsky's*
Phoenixville; *Annex Shop*
Pittsburgh; *Alexander's*
Pittsburgh; *Gimbels&branches*
Pittsburgh; *Joseph Horne*
Pittsburgh; *Kaufman's*
Pittsburgh; *Mansmann's*
Pittsburgh; *Stephen Richard*
Pottstown; *New York Store*
Punxsutawney; *Smart Shop*
Quakertown; *Weiss Store*
Reading; *Tersuhow's*
Scranton; *Scranton DryGoods*
Sharon; *Sharon Store*
Sharon; *Whitmer-Smith*
Towanda; *Ruggles Store*
Uniontown; *Kaufman's*
Uniontown; *Metzler's*
Vandergrift; *PeggyAnnShoppe*
Vandergrift; *Rubin's*
Warren; *Miller Shop*
Washington; *Lang's*
Waynesburg; *Rapport's*
West Chester; *Eby's Apparel*
West Chester; *Mosteller's*
Wilkes Barre; *Fowler, Dick & Walker*
York, Hanover; *Bon-Ton Store*

RHODE ISLAND
Barrington; *Flo's*
Coventry; *Dot's*
East Greenwich; *Silverman's*
Providence; *Cherry&Webb & branches*
Providence; *Gladding's & branches*
Providence; *Shepard Co.*
Wakefield; *Kenyon's*
Woonsocket; *McCarthy's*

VERMONT
Barre; *Homer Fitts*
Bennington; *E. L. Nichols*
Brattleboro; *Houghton&Simonds*
Brattleboro; *J. E. Mann*
Burlington; *Hill's Store*
Burlington; *Magram'sFashion*
Burlington, *C. DurrellSimonds*
Montpelier; *Gray's Store*
Rutland; *Economy Store*
St. Albans; *Wm. Doolin*
St. Johnsbury; *Hovey's Shops*
Springfield; *Furman's Store*
Vergennes; *Fishman's Store*

SEE SHIP'N SHORE BLOUSES AT THESE AND OTHER FINE STORES!

Ship'n Shore®



sizes 30 to 38...sleeveless blouse in a forest flower print, 3.50 and roll-sleeve shirt in pen-line toile print, 4.00. Both 65% Dacron®polyester, 35% cotton.

100% NYLON LACE, EXCLUSIVE OF DECORATION/LYCRA: SPANDEX, ACETATE, POLYESTER, NYLON. STECKLER



the art of
SURPRISE®

Surely there has never been so beautiful a bandeau as this! An ethereal blend of Lycra* and nylon Ban-Lon® lace, artfully underwired for uplift and separation, it has a provocative french scoop neckline with wide set lace straps. Created . . . of course . . . by Surprise. White or Black. Style #100. B, C and D cups, sizes 32 to 40. $5.95. At finer stores everywhere or write to: Surprise Brassiere Co., Inc. 102 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

*Surprise bras, girdles and corselettes–the first name in foundation fashions.

BEAUTY NOTES ON THE LESS-KNOWN DOERS

Despite the vast number of houses involved in making cosmetics for American women, we cling fondly—and not mistakenly, we're assured—to the notion that each cosmetic house has a personality of its own; that among the products made by each, some may be of the who-needs-it variety, while others are of special and particular note, acknowledged not only by women who swear by them, but by other makers of cosmetics as well. Among houses worth reviewing from this point of view is Jaquet, not exactly a household word all over the country, but known and respected—and for years—for certain things it's done. For instance, starting from the outside and going deeper, there's:

• Jaquet's Sheer Tone make-up foundation, which we first came to appreciate in this way: At a party earlier this spring, two women wore a facial glow above and beyond the usual. One, a dark brunette, famous for her way of putting herself together, had a dead-white translucent skin which we happened to know was not just a little something nature had donated to her cause. On asking for the name of her dramatist, we were told: Jaquet foundation in a shade called White Rapture. At the same party, also translucent, but slightly more cameo: a taupe-haired beauty wearing a Jaquet foundation in a shade called Pink Rapture. . . . While neither of these Sheer Tone foundations makes any claim to lasting forever on the skin, each is marvellously effective for enough hours to make an evening; each is particularly good for a dryish skin that doesn't want to look too made up. Other good Jaquets:

• Pate Ose, a cream designed to refine pores . . . excellent history in the area that troubles quite a number of oily-skinned women—the complexion of the nose.

• Masque Vivant, a masque liked for its way of stimulating the skin without drying it; used by women who need a fast facial pick-up to make the skin look clean and fresh, without taking more time for the job than it takes to take a bath.

• Creme Appateer, an eye cream that seems to tighten or pull up loose skin about the eye area; qualifications for this line of work: astringent and lubricant ingredients that operate hand in hand.

• Creme Parfaite, a greaseless moisturing night cream, one of those marvels that goes about its work neatly.

• Throat Creme, superb at throat work provided the user does hers: massages the stuff well into the skin.

• Eye Pads, spoken of in the issue of Vogue preceding this, but worth mentioning again as long as we're giving citations. . . . Everything named, at Bloomingdale's.

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

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THE SCENT THAT CHANGES THE ATMOSPHERE

• It has: stood by, by the bottle, at boards-of-directors meetings in Europe, where resorting to it for a brain-clearing slosh may be partly ploy but is also ritual.

• It has: served as wedding present, and later assistant-fortune-maker, for a family to whom it was given by a monk; the same family whose heirs guard its formula now.

• It has: been the centre of a dramatic scene played once a year every year at the St. Regis Hotel Pharmacy in New York, where unfailingly and with still no explanation, a rich South American appears, buys a $5 bottle, opens it, soaks his handkerchief in it, leaves the remainder of the bottle on the counter, and disappears for the next 365 days.

• It is, of course, 4711, which is to fragrance what an air-conditioning unit is to a room. Used, clearly admired, but not necessarily understood by generations of Americans, it is actually a stimulant and refreshant; is not to be confused (and that's one of its powers—it doesn't get confused) with the use of other fragrances. After it's done its job of ringing in the brain, it goes away, leaving the senses clear for whatever perfume you may want to dip into after that. Because of this cleaning-clearing trick, it is like no other invention in scent—and 4711 is one of the few fragrances, by the way, which has had a right to call itself cologne (it's actually made in Cologne, is why). 4711 is, plainly, something rather unique. Both men and women use it on a fifty-fifty basis, and it's managed to become one of those curious, rare his-hers appointments—a rôle shared by relatively few inventions in the cosmetics world.

Coming in
MAY
VOGUE:

what it takes
to be
in beauty
this summer



Designed by MORT MOGEL

. . . FASHION-MINDED

Parnes Feinstein...

Fashions shown on opposite page are available at:

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Engel-Fetzer, Cleveland, Ohio
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Jordan Marsh, all stores, Florida
Maas., Bros. all stores, Florida
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The Vogue, Garden City, Kansas
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Easy answer: These "Sanforized-Plus" dresses! For **PARNES-FEINSTEIN** knows that "Sanforized-Plus" means easy-care fabrics we've tested and proved. They stay smooth while you wear them, dry smooth when you wash them, and won't shrink out of size or fit. **WAMSUTTA** makes the fabric; **SANFORIZED-PLUS** keeps it stubbornly anti-wrinkle! The town cotton (left) in black and white, navy and white, black and café crème, sizes 10-20. Sheath (right) in black on white or café crème, white on black, sizes 8-16. Each about $45. At Hudson's, Detroit; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Davison's, Atlanta; Bullock's, Los Angeles; B. Altman, New York; and at all the other fine stores listed on the opposite page.

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for the lass with the delicate skin...

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New Almay Stay-Tru creamier formula lipstick,
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. . . so glamorous you have to be told they're Hypo-Allergenic.

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THE DJELLABAH

At-home look—Arab influence



Long, white, at-home robe with something of the desert in its extreme simplicity and in the cool, flowing lines. Spilled from a collar that's softly rolled; Empire-sashed; as packable (and as washable) as a slip. By Chezelle, of white Arnel jersey, about $20. At Henri Bendel; Rich's; Meier & Frank.



Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!™

She has the exuberance and the assurance most women need to be completely at ease —confidence in herself and her bright good looks. Her hair shines with fresh, young color as though she's found the secret of making time stand still. And in a way she has. It's with Miss Clairol—the most effective way to cover gray hair and to revitalize or brighten fading color.

Keeps hair in wonderful condition—soft, lively—because Miss Clairol carries the color deep into the hair shaft to shine outward, just the way natural color does. That's why hairdressers everywhere recommend Miss Clairol and more women use it than all other haircolorings. It's so quick and so easy. Try it yourself. Today.

MISS CLAIROL



Even close up, Miss Clairol looks natural. The hair shiny, bouncy, the gray completely covered with the younger, brighter lasting color no other kind of haircoloring can promise—and live up to!

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The new Lady Norelco with twelve tiny hidden rotary blades won't let you cut yourself

You never see them . . . never touch them . . . yet these tiny *hidden* rotary blades *stroke* off every hair in one safe, sure, continuous motion . . . won't *let* you cut yourself.

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IN VOGUE FOR MEN

Made-to-order news

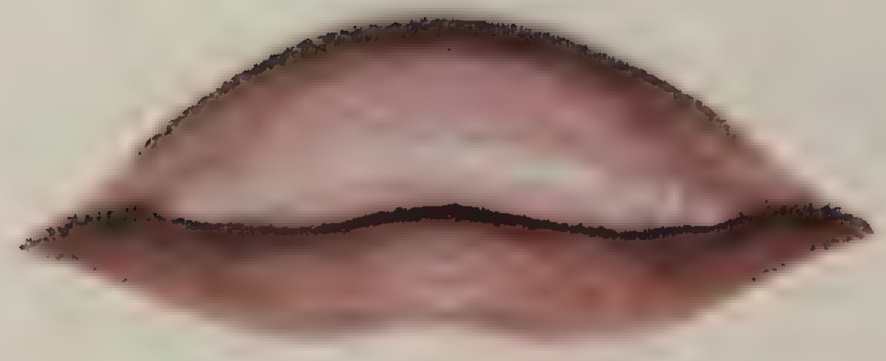
Made-to-order clothes are a famously sound investment. First of all, there's the way a custom-made suit fits (and for any man whose proportions are less than perfect, a good tailor can do wonderful things). Second, there's the range of fabrics to choose from—the satisfaction of ordering exactly the style one wants in exactly the fabric and colour.

At the Saks Fifth Avenue Custom Department, the news in fabrics this summer is Pesante silk, an Italian fabric (only Saks has it) that's crisp, dry, grainy—handsomely slubbed. It comes, of course, in those summer-in-town classic suit-colours, black and dark-blue; and also in a cool new colour called Air Force blue—slaty, greyed, slightly lighter than navy blue.

For resort wear and for country weekends, Saks makes Pesante silk jackets in a whole roster of brighter colours: for instance, a blue just a jot darker than royal; a good bright red; green that's between moss and olive; clear, canary yellow; and very light blue. All of these colours work nicely with natural-coloured linen or white flannel slacks, and the light blue in particular looks great with a golf-weathered tan.

For black dinner jackets, Saks has two new, marvellously cool fabrics: a dice-weave tropical worsted—airy, porous, and as crisp and resilient as silk; and a mohair-and-tropical-worsted blend. Fabrics like these are the year-round choice of most men—they're perfectly suited for winter wear in overheated restaurants and theatres. We like them cut in the single-breasted style, with satin-faced peak lapels.

How a Saks tailor sizes up a suit (or jacket): lapels should be long, flat, narrow (the three-button single-breasted suit is still the choice of most men, though there's a continuing swing to a two-button model); the collar is neatly fitted to the neck, showing no more than a quarter-inch of shirt-collar at the back; jacket sides are easy, comfortable, yet cut as close as possible; pocket-tops are piped, the flaps worn inside except in the case of sports jackets and blazers. Town suits have no vent at all; country jackets have side vents for thin men, a centre vent for the non-thin. Trouser legs are narrow, easy, their exact width depending on the feet beneath them; they hang straight and break just where they hit the shoe.





Shadows belong over the eyes. Not under!

Circles can begin running around under the eyes early in life. And even if they're not a sign of age, they're a *look* of age. Here's how to bring your beauty out of the shadows... *how to make eyes that look old look young in seconds.* Squeeze a tube —a particular tube—a tube of John Robert Powers Crème de la Crème. Squeeze it gently so that only a smidgin crowns your finger tip. Stroke this softly, caressingly under your eyes and in seconds the murky shadows can no longer be seen. Know what *can* be seen? The smooth, translucent beauty of alabaster. Know what else? Youth! **JOHN ROBERT POWERS**

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES

FOR WOMEN WHOSE EYES ARE OLDER THAN THEY ARE



Vodka 80 Proof. Distilled from 100% Grain. Gilbey's Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Cin., O. Distr. by National Distillers Prod. Co.



Smart, smooth, spirited... Gilbey's Vodka

by the makers of Gilbey's Gin



Gilbey's Vodka dramatizes flavor, not with taste of its own, but with smart, smooth, undetectable spirit. This real difference is why the people who discovered vodka are now asking for Gilbey's more and more. Sensibly priced, too.

***SCREWDRIVER**—Mix together 1½ ozs. Gilbey's Vodka and 3 ozs. well-chilled orange juice. Pour into sour glass. Add garnish of orange slice or cherry if desired.*

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Notes on the doing of Audrey Hepburn's hair

Not to be missed on pages 64 to 73 is this beauty part: Audrey Hepburn's hair is *never* boring. Although she wears it quite simply when she's at home in Switzerland (soft, to the shoulders; side pieces drawn back and locked with a barrette), she's game for any amount of design for evening and has several ways of wearing it for day. For Vogue's sitting, her hair was done by Alexandre's salon (a crew including Alexandre's assistant, Roger, the assistant's assistant, a girl to hold the pins, plus little postiches and lacquered "moths" of fake hair). Many of the evening combings were built on a cone-shaped postiche the size of a large peach; popped on the crown of her head, and held with the famous bone hairpins, this became the basis for all kinds of stacks, loops, flips, pileups of her own hair or hairpieces. What fascinated us as the coiffures changed, grew, put out more flags: the Alexandre trick of reserving one wisp or lock of lacquer-free hair and making some soft, final point with it.

Hair spray for men

"Has anyone around here any hair spray I can borrow?" Overhearing that question being asked by the dashing young Canadian rider, Robert Cojocar, at the brink of the open jumper class at a horse show earlier this spring, our own hair lifted slightly. Turned out his reason for wanting hair spray was to slick down some mane that had strayed out of his horse's braid job. Turned out further that hair spray is not at all unknown in tack rooms the country over.... Wondering what other offbeat uses other men may be making of hair spray, we asked one of the major producers of the stuff for a look at his list of special customers. Included on it, a famously successful maker of men's summer suits who has used hair spray by the gallon in the manufacture of his fortune. (Hair spray was just what the production-room doctor ordered to keep mass-cut heaps of fabric from fraying between cutting and assembly.) Also on the men-using list, a huge agricultural club which uses both hair spray and vats of hair-conditioner to gloss and gorgeous-up prize Herefords competing at the shows.

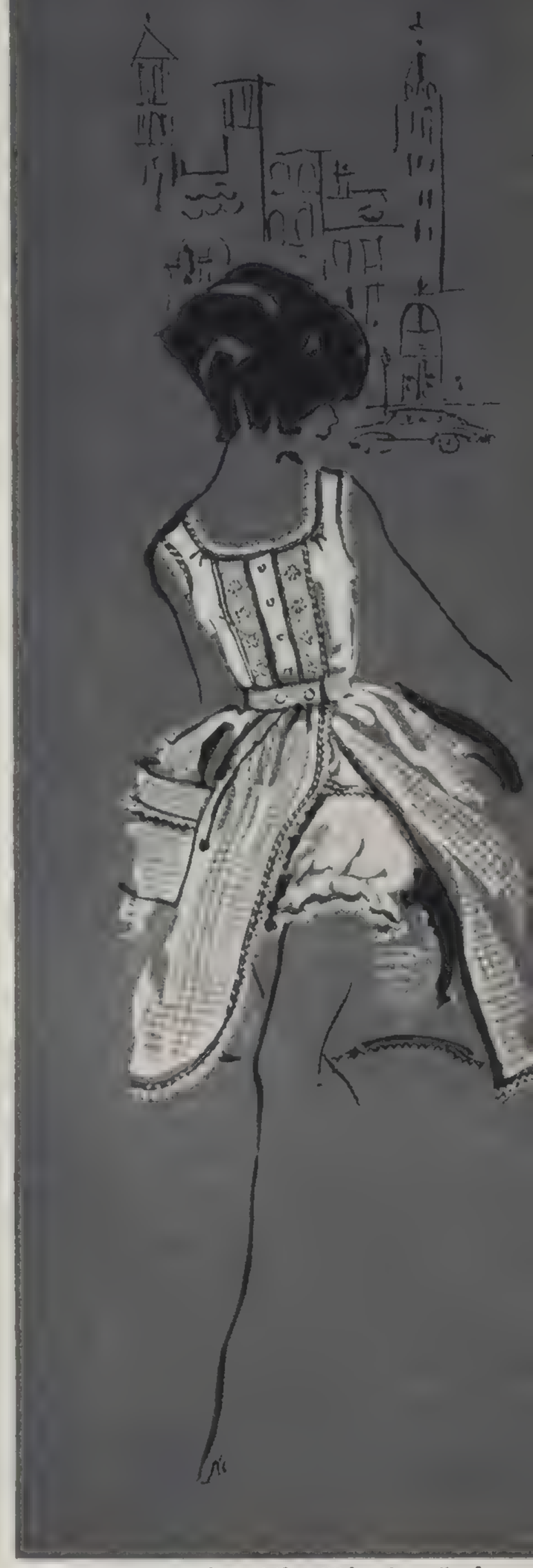
Hair spray for the money

With everybody and his uncle canning hair spray, and everybody and his horse (see above) using the result, we thought we just might look into the hair-spray-for-women situation. We found this: a degree of chaos brought about by the range in hair spray's pricing; a considerable amount of doubt among women as to why some of the bigger cans (they're called "tankers" in the hair trade) cost relatively little, while some of the smaller helpings cost more. There's an explanation. Hair spray is a complex of ingredients—formulae can vary, and so, therefore, can price and quality of ingredients used. A "wet" spray—that is, a spray that's *slow to dry* on the hair—is formulated of too much alcohol (inexpensive ingredient) and too little or too weak Freon (expensive ingredient), and just may include some quaint notions about other ingredients as well. Hair sprays are *not* all alike. Immense variation is possible. A wet or gummy spray is bad news—even though it may wear a jolly-good-news price tag.

Big change in the perfume picture

Perfume, one forever hears, is used by Americans principally this way: as presents from men to women. We wouldn't stop the flow of that sentiment for a second, but most women know from experience that the statement's unfortunately short on fact; they *do* do quite a lot of their own perfume-buying. Now there's living proof of a new wave of perfume-buying by women—and what's proved it is atomizer refills. Men don't buy refills; women do. And lots of refills are being bought—bought by women, for use by and for themselves, as a part of their daily turnout. Does this mean at last a coming-of-age in American perfume use? We hope so. We'll go further—we think so. (Continued, page 146)

for slumber or sun-deck



Pretty parlay! The "Play-jama" that sleeps like a little girl...pops on a pretty gingham skirt to have breakfast. In cool, Gotham stretch cotton. White with pink, black or green checks; sizes S-M-L. About 13.00. At B. Altman & Co., New York; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Rich's, Atlanta; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; and other fine stores.

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After the bath...what?



What else but 4711...the original cologne from Cologne. Continental women have known it to be the perfect ending for a bath for 170 years. 4711 is a refreshant cologne. It refreshes, leaving a scent so subtle, it will not clash with your favorite fragrance. Its real essence is how it makes you feel. After the bath, refresh yourself with the world's finest cologne. From **The House of 4711.**

Sole Distributors: Colonia, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

APRIL 15, 1963

VOGUE'S

EYE VIEW OF BALENCIAGA—

THE DRAMA, THE DISCIPLINE

Balenciaga began a way of life. The woman who owns a single Balenciaga, the woman who has never owned an original—both have been converted to the enduring greatness of The Idea. The informed cutting, the superb construction inside and out. The colours of the bullring. Ecclesiastical violet, scarlet, and golden yellow; austere black, white, and brown. His serene loyalty to established themes with the subtlest variations. The use of tonality—tilleul greens, white, oyster, string, taffy, pale coffee, taupe, often lighted by flashes of clear pink, acid green, the cloisonné blues. The dropped sleeve. The cape. Balenciaga combines with drama—for which he has a Spaniard's quick sensitivity—a worldly sense of discretion. His high standards have created a new level of excellence that reaches everyone. Touches especially the woman who thrives on the crash and combination of beads on leather; on the perfection of a raincoat in deep tan linen worn with superb linen boots to the knee; on jewellery with wit—this year a huge pear-shaped pearl, pendant from strands of tiny seed pearls; on the luxe of embroidery—delicate green vinery traced on a heavy white silk evening dress with sparse flowers of brilliant orange; enormous three-cornered evening stoles—one of bronze taffeta worn with a glistening white dress spotted with pear-shaped emerald drops; a floor-length leopard coat to wear at home.



This year's cape sensation at Balenciaga. In America at I. Magnin. Details, page 56.

KAREN RADKAI

BALENCIAGA



At Balenciaga this suit—a loner among more familiar shapes and moods—had the quick sure tang of prophecy. The mannequin appeared and vanished with the same remote unflagging swiftness, but every knowing eye got the message—a suit that settles on the body with the easy unpretentious grace of an overblouse. A rolled hem-band on the longish jacket; new width in the skirt; small rolling collar. Deep wool tweed of golden beige flickered with irregular spaced jots of bright green; buttons of cork. Beige gloves, and a cache-chignon of navy-blue straw with a high gloss.

Suit in America at I. Magnin.
Kidskin gloves, by Kislav.

KAREN RADKAI





Cape over coat over dress, coat over pleats: Balenciaga performed miracles of tailoring in levels—cutting and seaming each piece with such finesse that the effect was of layers of parchment—flat, smooth, not a jot of bulk. Layers-of-capes, above. Working view of the great new Balenciaga tailleur shown tout ensemble, page 53. Straight cape latched to the gilt buttons of a narrow cape-sleeved coat in navy-blue wool twill. Underneath, a two-piece white linen dress with absolute suit-authority. Narrow double-faced coat, right, nine-tenths long. Double-breasted beige wool backed with white. Enclosing—like the correct envelope—a two-piece silk twill dress, chicken-checked in black, white, grey; kimono sleeves, flat pleats.

Everything, both pages, in America at I. Magnin.

KAREN RADKAI

BALENCIAGA





Beautiful, seductive, full of easy luxury—Balenciaga was the first contemporary couturier to realize that this is how women want to feel at-home; has shown, in every collection, a delicious handful of déshabillés like the two photographed on these pages. Jewelled white organdie sleeves, right, on a tall lightly trained déshabillé of smoke-pink linen toile. Blown against the body at the front by two long seams that slide into pockets, buttoned with the pearl-and-flower embroidery that makes the sleeves. Chinese-pink roses, above, on a déshabillé of wafery white silk, whiffled about on a shirred back-yoke. Beneath, a two-piece dress: sleeveless top, tailored skirt with deep gathers across the front.

KAREN RADKAI

BALENCIAGA

IDEAS FROM THE PARIS BOUTIQUES



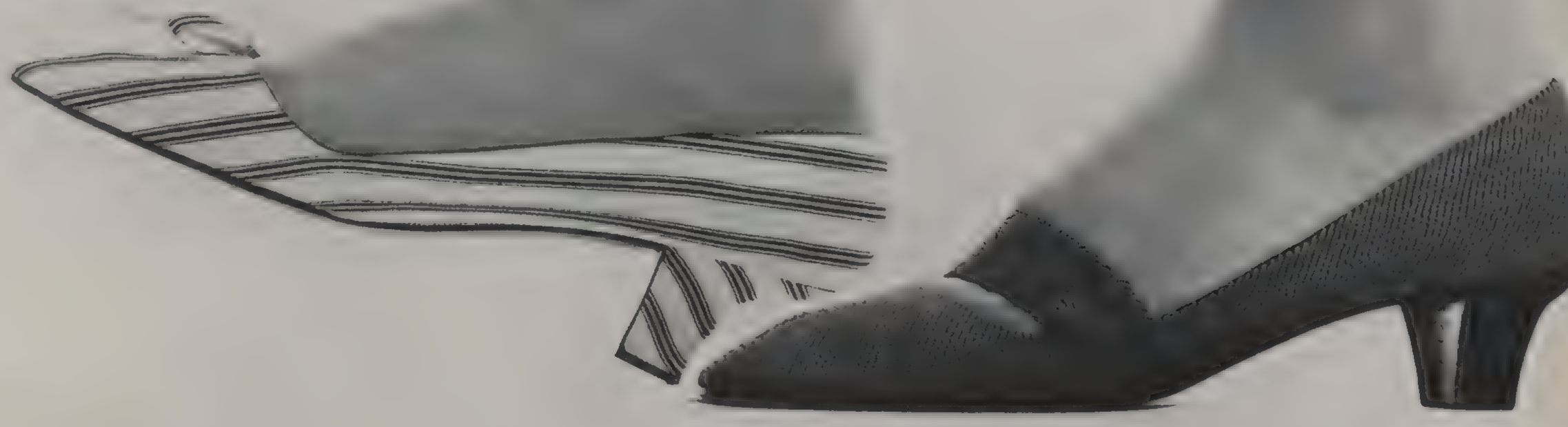
Jewelled velvet sling-strap, above, one of the shoe-delights in the Dior collection. Against the black velvet: a wing-sweep of glitter—rhinestones and creamy fake pearls. By Roger Vivier. Monti coiffure.

Pearls, drenched with crystal, above: Three-strand cowl of big, bogus pearls and tiny crystal drops linked to each other by gold loops. From the Lanvin Boutique. At Saks Fifth Avenue. With it, Dior's long white kid-skin gloves, held up forever by inner elastic. **Rigid necklace,** left, new-again Paris love. Here, a shimmery collar of rhinestones, dripping rhinestone rose-drops—double and single. Lovely in the clean curve of a wide boat-neckline. By Gripoix for the Lanvin Boutique; in America at Saks Fifth Avenue.

KAREN RADKAI



Givenchy bathing-suit seams, left, curved into a sliver of sea-blue satin—suddenly nothing looks newer, sleeker. Straight-across neckline, bare back.The satin woven with Lastex. Givenchy Boutique. **Soles, toes, flat to the ground:** below, the newest—sleekest—shape in shoes. With two other kinds of news as well: the acutely squared throat; dashing, dented-in, *profile-cassé* heels. Left, black-and-white striped linen, with a lining of red-and-white striped linen. Right, canard-blue linen pencil-striped in black; with a wide band across the instep; black wooden heel. Both the shoes by Roger Vivier, Paris.





Mosaic plaques, left, on Capucci's immaculate white piqué tea gown. Each a mixed glow of amethyst, yellow, green, ruby—stitched on where buttons go and as a march of brilliance on the verge of the neckline. **Evening bag, links and dazzle,** right. Golden stars and the look of coarse, crocheted lace on a squared gilt frame; twisty handle. Of black plastic links. By Roger Model for Balenciaga. At Bonwit Teller. Fifth-finger ring: ruby roped in diamonds; by Cis.



IDEAS FROM THE PARIS BOUTIQUES



Tablecloth of fictitious gold lace, above, made for the Queen of Thailand. Actually, it's a synthetic fabric called Chromeflex with this almost as good-as-gold knack: it's completely washable. Mermaid pattern; in several shapes, sizes. By Dognin.



Jewelled pump, square décolleté. Above, under a web of beading, a square-throated evening shoe of white tulle. Studded with strass, pailletted in green and white, partly lined in pale jade-green satin. By Roger Vivier, Paris. The back-spilling coiffure is by Monti.



Windbreak pockets, right, on a hip-long put-over, with a rollaway collar. Dropped over slim pants. Both, of silk shantung in the colour that swept Paris—white (in this case, eggshell-white). From the Givenchy Boutique.



Superbly tailored black crocodile, left, the handle all one piece with the rest of the bag—one of the most beautiful handbags around. Latched with a Roman coin. By Roger Ferest. The bracelet: cabochon rubies with a dazzling border of diamonds. By Cis.







Boots on the way up—not quite knee-high. Black kid-skin, as soft (and almost as supple) as crêpe. These, set on new, incurved stacked leather heels. By Roger Vivier, Paris.

Country handbag, above right—the handsomest in Paris; for tweeds, sweaters, leather looks. Of velvety, pale-grey hair calfskin; lined, edged in off-white. Bamboo handle sheathed in gold metal. By Roger Model, at Bonwit Teller.

Covered maillot, left, seamed to a tiny, precise, turtle collar that leaves the neck beautifully in the clear. Tailored of finely-ribbed lilac cotton; this, from the Givenchy Boutique.

Bombé, barbaric—jewels by Cis, right, news because for the first time Cis is using real jewels, precious metals—doing real jewellery. Reading clockwise: Cone-shaped bracelet—gold with rubies, sapphires, emeralds, pearls, piled on. Cone-shaped ring to match. Ruby heart pin, fringed with diamonds, trailing carved emerald leaves and pearl drops—some ringed with diamonds. Star sapphire fifth-finger ring dangling three pearls, the spiky gold fringe tipped with diamonds and rubies. Bracelet of big, chunky stones—turquoise, rubies, and pearls—each stone in a gold pocket haloed with diamonds.



KAREN RADKAI

THE GIVENCHY IDEA

Just beyond the pale-buff façade of the house of Givenchy, three broad steps lead to the level of his gay little boutique; more stairs wind gently upwards to the salon. Booming from above at the press opening this spring, a plummy British voice asked tout Paris: "*Isn't* she a darling?" The sound led straight to Audrey Hepburn, smiling and ethereal, on the arm of her husband Mel Ferrer.

On screen and off, Audrey Hepburn has dressed at Givenchy since her movie *Sabrina* in 1954. "When I first went to Hubert," she explained later, "I was still in homemade dresses." A more simpatico meeting of two young talents would be hard to imagine—Givenchy the vanguard-man of contemporary chic; Hepburn the quintessence of never-before young elegance. On press day, though Givenchy himself was away, the staff received her not as a celebrity, but as an old friend of the house. She sat on the tiny sofa at the end of the big double salon which has, besides crystal chandeliers, some merciful little bright yellow fans high on the walls—a boon to the elbow-to-elbow audience.

The fashion news instantly began to flow: a series of linen dresses, some of them shaped, unbelted shirts; suits with deliciously contrasting rouleau belts, jackets shaped in front, loose at the back; perfect little seven-eighths and nine-tenths coats; a full range of oatmeal beige, and putty colours; impudent little black late-day dresses, high in front, low at the back with X-straps or drawstring décolletages. To Parisians china blue looked new; hem-bands on jackets, coats, dresses; curvy extended shoulders for set-in sleeves, and on sleeveless dresses. Miss Hepburn began to talk out her choices ("*That* little coat I'd like to have!" ..."A lovely little dress. On Gloria Guinness it would be divine.") with comments from Mr. Ferrer, some sharp fashion, some pure-male-observer ("That's one idea for developing a non-existent bosom").

"I want to make some dream-choices for Vogue," declared Miss Hepburn sotto voce. "As if I were in a candy store." ... The collection, a big one full of vivacity and excitement, swept on to the bride ("a gay one, a jazzy one"), and Vogue's crew with Miss Hepburn and Mr. Ferrer repaired to the top floor where Givenchy has his atelier. For two hours it was indeed a candy store as number after number was brought up for Miss Hepburn to look at, to try on, to consider. With professional deftness, she peeled in and out of perhaps fifty enchanting things, speeded from time to time by such Ferrer friendly persuasion as, "How about shucking into that white one." For Vogue she chose—because she has similar Givenchy clothes, would like to have (Continued on page 146)

Opposite: The slow-burning glance is Mel Ferrer's; the object, his wife Audrey Hepburn. Her evening dress from Givenchy, a cocoon of romancey pink tulle with an inner layer of embroidery—mother of pearl, paillettes, sequins, glittery pink and silver thread—and yards of white tulle stole. ("The gossamer quality, the whole idea of it fascinated me; it's a dress that has to be worn.") Temporary accessory for Mr. Ferrer: the prophet's beard grown for his rôle in *Fall of the Roman Empire,* a Gibbon-size movie now shooting in Rome and Madrid. Following the *Fall,* Audrey Hepburn—as practically everyone knows—will turn into Eliza Doolittle in the Hollywood whirl for *My Fair Lady.*

AUDREY HEPBURN AND MEL FERRER

BERT STERN





Kasha-coloured jersey dress, left, with a pseudo-overblouse cut on the bias; this hangs free in front, fastens with two buttons at the back. With it, a domed hat of smooth brown straw. In America at I. Magnin.

"This," explained Audrey Hepburn,
"is the purity of Givenchy and the kind of dress I wear most in the daytime. It's very representative of what he does so well—it's not just a simple little dress, but it's pure."

Stanley-and-Livingstone hats ran straight through this spring's Givenchy; one sparkling example, right, in white felt. Worn with an easy little suit of white tweed threaded with black; short jacket, black dogleash belt. The blouse, a characteristic tour de force in black silk twill with slightly extended shoulders, ingenious seaming at the back to control the flawless fall of the cowl neck. This, in America at I. Magnin.

"Hubert's blouses are definitely news, and I want them to be seen,"
commented Miss Hepburn. "I'm mad about the little blouse."

DRESSING AT GIVENCHY

BERT STERN





Short dinner dress of gauzy yellow silk with spaced clusters of nacre and crystal beads. Shaped by informed cutting that gives a new delicious roundness to the skirt. At I. Magnin.

"It's the kind of dress I wear—
and I love the pale yellow."

DRESSING AT GIVENCHY

Indelibly Givenchy—the superb white coat, above left, made of doubled wool gabardine, well-seamed, shaped very close to the body in front with a flat loose back controlled by an inner belt of the same silk as the lining. 1/10 of dress shows at the hem; 10/10, above right. Brown silk linen with a short overblouse, wide curvy shoulders engineered by Givenchy's new set-in cap sleeves. Both the dress and the suit are in America at I. Magnin.

Audrey Hepburn's point:
"If the coat has lots of design, the dress must be simple."

Hyacinth-pink tweed suit, right, with a deep-pink linen overblouse belted above the waist. Short jacket, lightly shaped; straight-hanging skirt with fullness gathered across the front. Pink suit in America at I. Magnin.

A.H.: "I wear lots of pink, and I love this colour, but I particularly chose this to show the blouse."

BERT STERN



Cloqué silk evening dress of candy-pink, left, with a fascinating serpentine wrap that shows a stretch of leg in front, dips to a tiny fishtail train. Moderately bare back, falling, bombé, from a fat drawstring. Chunks of bogus rubies and brilliants clasp the double strand of pearls at the neck.

"All line," was Audrey Hepburn's instant evaluation. "Extremely simple, with a little ankle and foot—very seductive in a pretty sense without necessarily being designed for that. . . . It stayed with me after I'd left the showing."

A delectable evening dress—all shape and glitter: daisy-medallions of mauve, pink, yellow, and blue silk are appliquéd inside a shell of white lace, embroidered with gilt thread, minute sequins. Worn with Miss Hepburn's own pink silk slippers.

"If I were going to splurge," she said, "this is the dress I'd have." For real life she bought instead a dress in the same genre—white tulle, with white embroidered dots, dot-sized brilliants, and a sash of bright pink silk.

BEST STERN

DRESSING AT GIVENCHY





Vivid silk evening dress, left, narrowly curved to the body, with a décolletage like a night-blooming flower. (Made of gauzy dotted shantung. At I. Magnin.)

"Very teahouse," said Miss Hepburn. "It's like a tiger lily—a wonderful colour at night, radiant and life-giving. And it's tremendous when a dress can make you take on a different personality."



Cloqué silk déshabillé, right, printed in shades of china blue. At the front, a slightly lifted waist; at the back, loose folds falling to a miniature train.

"I love that long, narrow string-bean-with-a-bow look designed completely around the body with so much line it's almost as if you had nothing on. Very feminine. Very natural."

DRESSING AT GIVENCHY

BERT STERN



SOPHIA LOREN
AT DIOR



HEPBURN AND GRANT
DURING THE SHOOTING
OF "CHARADE,"
WITH (BELOW)
THE NEW YOUNG
SENSATION,
THOMAS CHELIMSKY





SYLVIE VARTAN,
DARLING OF
"LE CLAN DES
ROCK 'N' ROLLERS"



MELINA MERCOURI
WITH MARC BOHAN
AT THE DIOR OPENING

Paris—when it shimmers

In spring, in Paris, everything shimmers: from the sun-struck Seine, to the light-flickered leaves of the plane trees along its banks. From the steady and incomparable lustre of its Couture, to the local colour provided by celebrities who were—for one reason or other—on hand to dazzle Paris during the spring collections. . . . Among them: Melina Mercouri, in chinchilla and gypsy earrings, full of easy, leonine grace, and a delighted embrace for Marc Bohan at the smash Dior opening. Next month Mercouri starts work—in Greece and Turkey—on the movie version of Eric Ambler's new thriller, *The Light of Day;* Jules Dassin directing, Peter Sellers vis à vis, and the Turkish national jewels the object of the deliciously sinister plot. . . . Sophia Loren, who turned up for Bohan's second show looking sleek, round, cat-calm; bought half-a-dozen Diors—mostly black or white, or a combination of the two, and a beige suit called "Oasis," with an imprimé blouse of navy-blue chiffon. Loren's destination: Spain, where she will play the daughter of Marcus Aurelius in Samuel Bronston's star-freighted, cast-of-thousands, super-duper spectacle, *The Fall of the Roman Empire.* (The Empire has risen, near Madrid, on the ashes of the dynastic splendours that Bronston had constructed for *55 Days at Peking*—a production that was dissolved, on cue, in a literal blaze of glory.). . . Sylvie Vartan, the new nineteen-year-old darling of "le clan des rock 'n' rollers," who posed for Vogue in a Courrèges white wool suit; her thick blond hair in bangs; and, like young women all over Paris, wearing nothing in the way of cosmetics but eye make-up. Bright, jokey, ebulliently pretty, she has a long, supple neck, sexy legs, a cat named for Dizzy Gillespie, and one of the top ten records in France—a sighing little number called "Il Revient," in which Mlle. Vartan leavens the rue with a flick of cautious optimism. . . . Audrey Hepburn (q.v., the preceding ten pages) and Cary Grant, turning on the charm extravagantly for Stanley Donen in the suspense-comedy, *Charade,* and for the entire city of Paris. . . . In the Hepburn-Grant flick: Thomas Chelimsky, the six-year-old son of Americans in Paris, who speaks—with a formidable French accent—of becoming "un cowboy" in the manner of his idol, "Roy Rojjer." What he is, according to Donen, is a pint-sized Chevalier, and what he's about to become is a great big thirty-eight-inch movie sensation.

St. Laurent's ravishing two-piece evening dress, right; puffed white silk gauze shot with silver. The top, a sequinned gold satin cardigan, thickly encrusted with small, silvery tulips, and tied just above the waist in white satin. (Skirt of Bucol fabric, with clear Lurex.) At I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Gripoix earrings for St. Laurent. Alexandre coif, pinned with lacquery leaves. More Paris colour, on the next pages.

WILLIAM KLEIN





Paris: Dior's bright linens

FLOWER COAT, FRESH CUT—Pale brilliance of garden flowers splashed on a black linen coat, worn over a coral-ly pink linen dress. The coat, double-breasted, with Dior's new little melon shoulders set so high they reach the collar. Black linen Chinese hat. Kis-lav mustard kidskin gloves. OPEN-SPACED FLOWERS—Idea that's fresh in Paris now—a far-apart scattering of flow-ers. Here, they're anemones in Oriental pink and plum colours, spaced on a dress of lacquer-red linen. Again, baby-melon shoulders and the importance of sleeves. Daz-zle: the purple baku hat. Both costumes, of linen by Staron. In America, at I. Magnin.



WILLIAM KLEIN





Paris white turned out with beige

DIOR MACKINTOSH, left: Marc Bohan's swash summer raincoat in paper-thin white wool nicked with beige; baby melon sleeves curved above the shoulder-tips, belted at the edge. Tobacco-beige with it: long-sleeved silk shirtdress, suède topee. Coat (of Bucol wool) and dress: I. Magnin. Dior to add: Diorissimo perfume.
BALMAIN TURNOUT, right: Oyster-white jersey, with diagonal seams slotted across the bloused top; buttons along one side. The right coat: a roughed-up tweed in white and taupe-beige. Besson wool coat; Racine wool jersey dress. Kislav kidskin gloves. Balmain to add: Vent Vert perfume.

WILLIAM KLEIN

MAINBOCHER '63

One could say—many women do—that what's good for Mainbocher is good for the country. *Very* good this season: his famous "little" wool suits, jackets somewhat shorter; narrower, high-set sleeves; collars cut to open like flowers unfolding. Often in pale beige-dusted colours—beige-pink, beige-yellow, beige-green; and a beige-grey doubled gabardine raincoat, lashed and buttoned in black, worn with shiny black gloves, black-and-white silk scarf at the throat. Cream-white, oatmeal-white, touches of white piqué on navy blue. Nacre buttons on summer wools. A button-in lining of wool—not fur—for a year-round, world-wide travel coat. Linen—all day, all evening (when it frequently glitters with lamé)...One-and-three-quarter pounds of sheer summer bliss: his short black dinner dress worn with a duster of pure-cream cotton damask. More about Mainbocher evenings, next page.

Near right, a dustery little coat of beige wool jersey, three-quarter-length. Under it, a collarless beige jersey dress; looped trimming. *Far right,* mauvy-pink-and-white wool tweed, divided by Main in partes tres. Mauvy-pink-and-white tweed short coat, lined with mauve taffeta. Suit, short-jacketed, of closer-grained tweed; pink taffeta lining; bone buttons (as on the coat). Sleeveless blouse of printed pink surah. Everything, on both pages, made to order at Mainbocher. Both coiffures by Kenneth.







MAINBOCHER '63

Mainbocher evenings: delicious. Full of crêpe, embroidered organdie, imprimé chiffons floating or tailored—bare-armed jacket over a short, straight dress in flowering pink-and-white chiffon....Ravishing garden greens—a suit of shoot-green and white cotton brocade, with an embroidered white organdie blouse that looked almost too fragile to breathe on. Another of dotted spinach-green organza layered over black taffeta. And a heavy pale blue-green crêpe, with a "profile" of drapery in back, hanging straight to the hem from the left shoulder.... Narrow ankle-long dresses (a length Main pronounced "difficult...only for those who can wear it with understanding and authority"). Delectable in this genre: a dress of black-and-white chiffon stripes; a streak of black crêpe, with brilliant flower-splashes of pink, red, and yellow. *Left,* a long evening dress in white crêpe sketchily printed in black, with a high neckline, small sweep of train. *Right,* short evening dress of flowered chiffon, in a summery print of green-and-white lilies; the back, a gathered fall of chiffon from a curving décolletage. Dresses, made to order at Mainbocher. Diamond jewellery by Schlumberger of Tiffany. Coiffures, both pages, by Kenneth.



PENN



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Doing something, no one reveals exactly what, to NATO. . . . The permanent damage, like many small axe-strokes felling industries, caused by the New York newspaper strike. . . . The Ben Casey television installment in which the doctors happily listened to a recital by a pretty girl in which, alone, she played the Tchaikovsky Concerto #1 in B flat minor. . . . The increasing force upon the imagination of the idea of Africa, about which Nadine Gordimer once suggested: "As Donne once could write of his mistress, 'Oh my America, my Newfoundland,' so, today, the European or American can conceive of his Africa—not a physical concept of jungles and desert and wild beasts and black men, but a state of regeneration, an untapped source in himself to which he wants to find the dangerous way back."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The remarkable James Baldwin whose writings are a furious blend of hysteria, brilliant mobilizing of fact, lack of sustained discipline, and unbending anger at the whole white world. . . . The great fashion in Rome for building, on the Roman beaches, concrete-walled, straw-roofed *tuculs*, rather like Ethiopian huts; the two most exciting, both forty minutes from Rome in Tor Vajanico, belong to Luchino Visconti and Princess Damietta Hercolani. . . . The strong figures in the paintings of Paolo Vallorz, an Italian whose first showing recently at the Albert Loeb Gallery brought in hungry-eyed collectors. . . . The name, among educators, for the DC-6 which circles over Indiana and feeds TV into classrooms in six states: "the crop duster."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The massive documentation of *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, in which Richard Hofstadter, Professor of American History at Columbia University, after noting that American History can not be reduced to "a running battle between the eggheads and the fatheads," proves two centuries of assorted pronouncements, including some political and educational, to be Stupid, and wrote: "Many of the most spirited younger intellectuals are disturbed above all by the fear that, as they are increasingly recognized, incorporated, and used, they will begin merely to conform, and will cease to be creative and critical and truly useful." . . . The soft, pleasant moulding of the new Spigelgass family comedy, *Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling*, to the talents of talented Gertrude Berg who looks in it like a chintz-covered sofa, comfortable, and quite pretty in a big way.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In London, the excitement of the pop-art paintings of R. B. Kitaj, a thirty-year-old man from Ohio whose works have the colour power of the Fauves coupled with a sense of organization and a lot of ideas. . . . The jazzy new London club, Wips, off Leicester Square in the penthouse of the Prince Charles Theatre; a sibling of the Establishment, Wips has occasional Establishment entertainers, a jukebox for dancing, and a man-eating fish (live) tanked up in one corner. . . . The vigour and variety of the bright young conductors from some thirty-five countries who competed before an international jury in New York recently at the second Dimitri Mitropoulos International Music Competition. . . . The word for anyone anyone dislikes: opportunist.

DAME MARGOT FONTEYN AND RUDOLF NUREYEV

When the indisputably greatest male ballet dancer today, the extraordinary Nureyev, dances with Dame Margot Fonteyn, a curious tenderness, rarely seen, takes over the stage. Now, these two, in New York with Britain's Royal Ballet for the start of a ten-city American tour, have among their new ballets "Marguerite and Armand," with floating costumes and pale sets by Cecil Beaton, the choreography by Sir Frederick Ashton. Three of these artists—Fonteyn, Beaton, Ashton—whose talents are hardly less assured than the British Museum, have enlarged each other's prowess, now and again, for more than a quarter of a century. The fourth, twenty-five-year-old Nureyev, who jumped out of the Leningrad Ballet two years ago in a famous leap to freedom, has a masterful intensity that was only untutored passion when he danced about ten years ago on the back of a truck in the Russian provinces. When he finally made his way to the Leningrad Ballet School at the well-along age of seventeen, the ballet instructor he most admired told him: "Young man, you'll either become a brilliant dancer or a total failure." Now, with Dame Margot in this thirty-minute ballet that is mainly an extended *pas de deux* that seems to melt, ravishing the eye, Nureyev shows how prodigious his genius. Startling, romantic, this is a ballet that, Beaton said, "will succeed, if it succeeds, on dancing alone."

CECIL BEATON



"MARILYN MONROE" BY ANDREW WARHOL
COLLECTION MR. AND MRS. BURTON TREMAINE; COURTESY STABLE GALLERY

EXPLOSION OF POP ART:

A new kind of fine art imposing poetic order on the mass-produced world

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mrs. Saarinen, a slender blonde, known as an art critic, partly for her former columns in* The New York Times, *and partly for her two books, one* The Proud Possessors, *and the other* Eero Saarinen on His Work, *which she edited, has become in the past months a constant and interesting figure on a variety of television programs, talking usually about cultural history. She appears every third week on the "Today" show, is a panelist on a travel-quiz program, does free-lance interviewing on many other programs. Millions now know her. In her private life, this mother of three sons lives in New Haven, Connecticut where she is writing a delayed biography of Stanford White and his Age of Elegance.*

No one feels lukewarm about it. Like Richard Nixon, the old Brooklyn Dodgers, and birth control, "pop art" has its enthusiasts, including collectors who are paying twenty and thirty thousand dollars for some of it, and its violent detractors, including some of our most respected critics. The battle lines, however, are not neatly drawn nor the reactions predictable. Even within The Museum of Modern Art, there is no party line. The curator of paintings is explosively contemptuous of "pop art," but the Director of Collections is studiously interested—and the trustees have bought half-a-dozen.

Although there have been occasional cross-references both ways, during the first six decades of this century the fine arts have travelled one path, and popular art—the arts of mass-communications, mass-production, and mass-consumption, all unique to the twentieth century—have travelled another.

"Pop art" is the catchall label to describe a new kind of fine art which has popular art connections at its core. In general, "pop art" artists have two things in common. They have all drawn their imagery from popular art: from commercial and advertising art, from trademarks and billboards and signs, from newspapers, tabloids, and magazines, from movies and photographs and television and comic strips, and from the freeway and the highway, the supermarket and the assembly line. They have, more or less in common, a new and special interest in the nature of reality and illusion.

At least at the beginning—about a year or so ago—there was no organized "pop art" movement or group, but these days the bandwagon is getting crowded. Jasper Johns, who is *not* a pop-art artist, is the key figure. He had been using targets and American flags, which appealed to him as two-dimensional pictorial subjects, to make paintings which were compelling "fine art." He had also glorified beer cans by casting them, i.e., making "fine art" sculpture, and then repainting them back into beer cans, i.e. popular, everyday objects. Unquestionably, he first showed a dozen or so young painters new possibilities, emboldening them to believe that the stuff of art could be anything one chose. "The reality in Johns knocked me over," said one young artist.

But, the young men—and they are young, for their age is about thirty—came from places as disparate as North Dakota and New York. Some of them had been commercial artists and some not. All began working independently. Suddenly, they emerged into the art world with work which had enough in common to indicate a trend and to justify, with reservations, an identifying tag.

Though these men share imagery and interests, they are widely different in attitude, in intent, in style, and, significantly, in talent. Confusion was compounded in the wild assemblage of an international exhibition called "New Realists" put on last October by the taste-setting New York dealer, Sidney Janis. The show included men like Claes Oldenburg, who uses papier-mâché and plaster to make super-real symbols of hamburgers and pies-à-la-mode, to others like Jim Dine, who, by incorporating such objects as a lawn mower into a painting, contrives to make actual objects look fake. The exhibition also contained a whole grab bag of work by Neo-Surrealists, Neo-Dadaists, and Junk artists, et cetera. Although indeed involved with the *objects* of our time, it did not have the particular and peculiar connections with popular art to make it the real McCoy.

The current exhibition now at the Guggenheim Museum of six contemporary painters, including non-pop-art artist Jasper Johns, who is without doubt the best painter in the show, encourages a close-up look at three "real and genuine" pop-art artists: Warhol, Lichtenstein, and Rosenquist. Collectively, their work illuminates what pop-art is about. In-



"THE KISS" BY ROY LICHTENSTEIN
COLLECTION MR. AND MRS. CHARLES BUCKWALTER; COURTESY LEO CASTELLI GALLERY

BY ALINE B. SAARINEN

dividually, their work is so different that it points up the irresponsibility of wholesale damnation or wholesale praise of any *kind* of art, forcing the rejection of the silly, prevalent question: "Is pop art art?" We must inquire instead: "Does this particular man produce works of art?"

These three share mass-production, mass-communication imagery. These three work as painters and none of them includes actual objects in his paintings. As a matter of fact, their painted images are not even based on actual objects, but on the mass-communication symbols of these objects. These three seem to be saying, each in his own way, that there is a new reality in which the symbol of a thing is as real—or even more real—than the thing itself, that now the fiction has become more real than the fact.

Are they not right? The Parthenon exists for us eternally against a Kodachrome-blue sky. The grass around the Capitol Building in Atlanta, Georgia, dyed green looks far more convincingly "grassy" than the sere, brown grass near by. Divorce courts are full of people who hold absolutely true the synthetic, soap-opera concepts of love and marriage and sex . . . the American Dream. On holidays, death loses its meaning in National Safety Council automobile fatality statistics. Public figures, as well as television and movie stars, have no reality as individuals: their reality is as archetypes and symbols. Adolf Hitler believed his own myth. Marilyn Monroe's tragedy was her necessity to fight hers. If only she could have forgotten Actors Studio and being Mrs. Arthur Miller and believed as absolutely as does Andy Warhol in the reality of her symbol, she would have had no torment.

I can not help thinking of Andy Warhol as "the pop-art kid." He has a wide-eyed, charming, impudent face that you expect to see smeared with jam from an after-school sandwich. In his small, temporary apartment the stuff of pop art lies cluttered like the mess of the Collyer Brothers' house.

Huge, unwinding rolls of canvas dyed violent pink, orange, and poison-apple green are stacked around the walls. Colossal flat pieces of canvas, already imprinted with inky silk-screen images, flap like a giant's laundry from their temporary staples on seven-foot-high stretchers. Tables, chairs, couch, and floor are strewn with tabloids and fan magazines, their covers blaring the promises of intimate exposés into the lives of movie, television, and record idols whose names are unknown to anyone over thirty. Unstable piles of pop records teeter on the floor, and on the hi-fi the twangy sound of "Does the Spearmint Lose Its Flavour? . . ." slides off to give way to a cowboy lament. On one wall, with surprising super-market neatness, are other pop-art props: cans of Campbell's Soup and Dole Pineapple Juice.

Now thirty-three, Andrew Warhol was born in Philadelphia, went to Carnegie Tech art school, and made his living drawing shoes for advertisements and by doing window displays. The art world first noticed him because of his paintings of King-Kong-sized Coca-Cola bottles and six-foot-high cans of Campbell's Soup. He made landscapes blossom with the numbers of Do-It-Yourself kits and made huge black-and-white blowups of dance-step diagrams, strident tabloids, and the crude before-and-after profiles of ads for plastic surgery of the nose.

Then, in part because of the (Continued on page 134)



"IN THE RED" BY JAMES ROSENQUIST
COLLECTION HANFORD YANG; COURTESY GREEN GALLERY



THE MAN-MACHINES MAY TALK FIRST TO DR. SHANNON

BY BROCK BROWER

Dr. Claude E. Shannon, the authority on Information Theory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was talking about not falling down a hole on the moon. He was linking this up with not stumbling over the furniture while cleaning house. Only common sense. But under the given circumstances, he couldn't really appeal to common sense, because he wasn't talking about us. "We're more or less capable of protecting ourselves, of engaging in sensible behaviour." He was talking about "computer-controlled exploratory robots." "You have to think of problems like this when machines are running around loose in the real world. A machine on the moon must protect itself—not fall down a hole, without your having to tell it not to. It's the same problem we're going to have some day with furniture when there are robot housekeepers running around the house, picking up things." For a fleet second he glanced around his own living room. "Like I hate to do here."

Actually, what he was saying has a remarkable, if slightly up-ended, inner consistency, like the other side of the looking glass. "All these things," Dr. Shannon pointed out, "are connected with information and control." "Information" has been his lifelong study—"information" in the very special sense that word has come to have under the Theory of Information, his major contribution as a scientist and a mathematician—and the "control" it has brought man over his real world, i.e., through automation, modern telecommunication, and electronic computers. These developments have created a sociological change of such magnitude that it is now being called a Second Industrial Revolution.

That Sunday morning there wasn't much to pick up. It looked as if the little robots had just been through and put the house to rights, much the way Dr. Shannon would have wanted it. Maybe even a little more the way *they* would have wanted it, because there were few rugs to interfere with traction and lots of open space for wide turns and gearing down in the great, open rooms. The place really did look, with its stripped-down, almost abstract appointments, as if it would be just right for a machine which didn't mind taking care of a big house. It is a huge, century-old stucco manse, high-gabled above a beautifully wooded lake in Winchester, Massachusetts, and was originally built, Dr. Shannon told me, for Thomas Jefferson's granddaughter. The floor plan, in fact, is a simplified version of Monticello, which seems peculiarly appropriate in light of the many gadgets Jefferson installed in his famous house.

The Shannons have similarly turned their present house into a kind of haven for odd and unusual machines, big and little automata, and a multitude of mechanized family hobbies. "Mostly for fun," Dr. Shannon explained his reasons for constructing this arcade, but the play is not all that far removed from the brilliant work he has done in communication science (the mathematical study of "information" as the determinant in our vast technological system) that has made him one of the foremost figures in today's computer revolution.

Outside the house lies all the big stuff; a motor pool, the boatyard, and a cycle shop. In the garage, there are at least eight spanking bicycles, a power launch, a single scull, and a motorcycle. And in the driveway, there is a small fleet of transport. The largest vehicle is a reconverted Massachusetts Transport Authority bus for camping all five Shannons, and the smallest is a custom-made unicyle for balancing Dr. Shannon.

But inside is the sophisticated stuff, which seems to be set at ambush for the unwary visitor. The first time some of it caught me off guard, I remember calling hello to a store-window dummy standing next to a player piano. Nobody'd answered the door, and I'd slipped through on my own into a roomful of exotic devices. The manikin was a pretty young thing Dr. Shannon had reclaimed for society from an auction market and slipped into sweater and skirt. The player piano, another rescued derelict, was equipped with old favourites like "The Old Piano Roll Blues" together with some arhythmic "compositions" that Dr. Shannon and his friends had simply cut at random on blank rolls. Next to the piano was a Teletype machine and next to that, a small mouse-sized labyrinth. The labyrinth was the housing for one of Dr. Shannon's own ingenious machines—Theseus, the Mouse Who Learns a Maze, actually a tiny magnet with a pipe-cleaner tail that once amazed Bell Laboratories by learning its way down all the alleys to a brass "cheese," assisted only by a small computing machine. Typically, this room of curiosities has its own secret panel. If a Shannon presses a hidden latch in the doorjamb, a whole section of the wooden panelling springs open. It goes nowhere, of course. All it has at the bottom is a grinning plastic skull. Younger Shannons line up to trip it.

But not that afternoon. All the (Continued on page 138)

DR. CLAUDE E. SHANNON *opposite*, who creates, plays with, and stays a think ahead of thinking machines, looks forward to man and machine talking back and forth. For him, why not? "Out of his research," wrote Dr. Frank Stanton, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, "there grew what eventually became . . . the Mathematical Theory of Communications (or Information Theory) regarded by many scientists as the most important statement in physics since the Quantum Theory."

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

The new pink decade—the clothes in it, the make-up for it

Pink isn't new. It's the eternal glorifier of all women. As one famous heroine summed it up forever: "I have never admitted to more than twenty-nine, or thirty at the most. Twenty-nine when there are pink shades, thirty when there are not." And in point of fact, pink—when it's the right pink for you, when you've put the right make-up with it—is all smiles, all flattery, reflecting into the skin and giving the wearer's face a look as glowing and as refreshed as a child's after a bath. . . . It has never been prettier, truer, or more in fashion than it is now; it is everywhere—in day-to-day city tailleurs, in knockabout country clothes, in evening dresses, in déshabillés. It is everything—a Chinese-pink wool princesse coat, a whipcord suit in a pink as pale as a shell's lining, a deep mauvy pink short evening chiffon, and it is the clearest of clear-pink lingerie—not a smidge of yellow in it, and nearly as nourishing for the skin as massage. It is the colour of beauties: think of a geisha—all white, white skin, gleaming black hair, cheeks of fragile lily-pink . . . a porcelain-blonde, with a wind-whipped blush . . . deeply rouged cheeks against warm beige skin . . . the gay, frank sexiness in the look of no make-up at all but marvellous eyes and pale-pink lips—an idea adored by the Paris young. Pink, in fact, is almost unfailingly charming, but keep this in mind when you're shopping for it: pink performs most entrancingly when it's properly made-up. Basic pink rules go as follows: pink thrives on a skin tone that's creamy or golden, and a little suntan—the kind that's *thé au lait* rather than ruddy—looks wonderful with pink. So does a make-up foundation that's a good cream colour, or warmly beige. . . . If you're planning to wear rouge with pink, do remember that pink is a kind of rouge in itself: the skin picks up its light. Add the real thing sparingly—drop by drop, or grain by grain. . . . About eye make-up for pink: it's lovely when it combines grey and brown. Use a true-grey eye shadow, and try blending in a speck of brown; black-brown liner and mascara. Everything in fashion now wants a soft line of eyebrow; pink clothes want the softest of all: greyed black, greyed brown, or wheat-gold is the colour to use, and the stroke should be feathery. . . . Lipstick for pink needn't be screechingly bright, but it ought to be deeper than the very pale-pinks that work so well with light blue. . . . Prettiest things that could put on a pink dress: a pair of whitened hands—there are creams that will do it—with fingernails of a pale, nacre glisten.

Pink—for the season of white

ALL THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS that could happen to a shirt-dress, happening right: whiteness, unbelted narrowness, lace—and a deep, soft radiance of pink shed by a brimmy straw hat, lavished with chiffon. Dress by Ellen Brooke, in lace of Du Pont nylon (Stern & Stern fabric); about $100. Shalimar gloves. Both: Lord & Taylor. Dress: Halle Bros.; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin. Lilly Daché hat. Michel's Phaedra X Pink lipstick. ART KANE





days in the new pink decade

SLEEVELESS SUIT, double-breasted, in a pink so pale a shell might be lined with it. The top, buttoned in bone, cut loosely to the hips of a wedge of skirt. By Matlin, of Anglo wool whipcord; loomed in America; about $125. Grandoe gloves. Both at Lord & Taylor. Suit, also: Julius Garfinckel; Dayton's. Miss Alice hat. Stendhal G19 lipstick. Coif: John of Enzo da Perugia. PRINCESSE-SEAMED coat in a shock of bouncy pink wool, buttoned up to the most ingenuous young collar in town. By Brittany in petite sizes. Of Anglo wool, loomed in America; about $125. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; J. Magnin. Hat by Lilly Daché.

ART KANE







Shapes that count in the new pink decade

OVERBLOUSE dress, far left: for little evenings—a double veiling of strawberry-ice pink chiffon. Back-dipping overtop, on which two bows hover; skirt with its own camisole. By Abe Schrader, in Onondaga silk chiffon, doubled; about $60 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer; Frederick & Nelson. PRINCESSE coat. left: ribbed mauvy-pink wool with 1963 seaming, shaping. By Seymour Fox, in Anglo wool, loomed in America. About $190. Pink straw bowler by Christian Dior-New York. Both at Bonwit Teller. Coat, also at I. Magnin. COWL-NECKED sheath, right: a long, lissom stroke of smoky-pink French linen with bias seaming, a draped cowl neckline ending in a bow. By Hannah Troy, of Moreau linen; about $70 at Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Hat: Mr. John. Perfume that counts: Hattie Carnegie Pink.



Shapes for day in the pink decade

OVERBLOUSE DRESS (facing page, left)—crisp, grainy, peach-pink. Put-over with an upturned yoke; slim skirt. By Ben Reig, of Fibranne (Meyer fabric), about $225. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's. Chanda planter's hat.

BARE-ARMED SUIT (facing page, right), not quite sleeveless—the wide shoulders cap the arms. Rose-pink. By Ilie Wacs, of Moreau linen, about $145. At Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin.

PRINCESSE COAT (this page, left)—shell-pink, dégagé. Pink leather buttons. By Dan Millstein, of Anglo wool loomed in America; about $110. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. The hat is by Miss Alice.

DRESS AND COAT TURN-OUT (right) of pink-and-white tweed. The coat: slim, single-breasted, small-collared. By Laird Knox, of rayon-cotton-silk; about $185. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. The straw roller is by Sally Victor.



three evenings in the pink decade

BROCADE, left, for little evenings—a sleeveless, high-waisted dress, the midriff shaped by triangular inserts, and centred with a bow. By Mollie Parnis, in pale-pink silk-and-cotton brocade; about $125 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.

SHIRTDRESS, right, a charmer for evenings at home—little, or Cast of Thousands. Bloused shirt in doubled pale-pink chiffon, skirt in melon-pink crêpe, joined by a sashy belt, a clump of flowers. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; skirt of Onondaga silk. About $245 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle Bros.

FRINGED OVERBLOUSE, far right: slit down one side, edged with a swoosh of fringe. Short evening dress in coral-pink silk chiffon; overblouse top, gathered skirt, the hem a sway of beaded fringe. A Leslie Morris design made to order; earrings by K.J.L. Both: Bergdorf Goodman, Lancôme Rose Blanc lipstick.



ART KANE



Evenings at home in the pink decade

SILK CHINOISERIE right—an Empire-tied dress, vibrant with colours à la chinoise, and dotted to the floor with a stripe of small, upholstered buttons. By Townley; about $160. This and the Richelieu earrings at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Rich's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. The lipstick: Helena Rubinstein Tulip Pink. SMOKING COAT opposite, with its lining of china pink turned out on a ravishing sweep of jade-green satin—one of the great beauties in Norman Norell's spring collection. Earrings by De Mario. Both: Henri Bendel. Coat, also: Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Coifs: John of Enzo da Perugia.

ART KANE







the bow's stratagem in the pink decade

EMPIRE waisted evening dress, far left: a fall of porcelain-pink silk crêpe, high waist underscored by a band, a bow; skirt narrow, to the floor. Matching stole. All, very Malmaison. From the Sophie ready-to-wear collection at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dorothy Gray Spinnaker Pink lipstick. SIDE-SLIT overblouse, left: shaped by a belt that plunges from the slits, ties in a bow at front; slid over a soft skirt that has its own camisole. Two-piece dress of pale-pink textured silk, by Branell; of Couleur fabric. About $110 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's. Halston hat, made to order: Bergdorf Goodman. SHOULDER-TIED evening shift, right: two layers of bright-pink chiffon, floated from a curving band; bloused at the back. By Anthony Blotta; about $200. At Bonwit Teller and Harzfeld's.

ART KANE

Crisp new shapings in the pink decade

APRON SKIRT, left, double-breasted closing, big buttons—all, ideas that Paris liked; all here, in pink. Dress by Georgia Bullock, in Pomezia cotton; about $90 at Saks Fifth Avenue; L. S. Ayres.

CUFFED NECKLINE dress, near right: the neckline ends by tying loosely at the back. Sleeveless dress in crisp, grainy pink silk, the skirt buoyed by an inverted pleat. Simonetta-Fabiani ready-to-wear copy, about $75 at Altman's. Hat: Irene of New York.

BIASED OVERBLOUSE, centre right: a two-piece dress of firm pink linen with a curvy little top, gathered skirt. By Frechtel, in Moygashel linen; about $185. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Straw skimmer: Christian Dior-New York.

BIAS-SEAMED JACKET, far right: hipbone-length, curving over a slim skirt. Suit of pink straw-weave fabric; pink-and-white polka-dotted blouse. By Marquise, in Staron's Barbacane of Fibranne. Hat: Christian Dior-New York. Both at Bergdorf Goodman. Suit, also: Woodward & Lothrop.

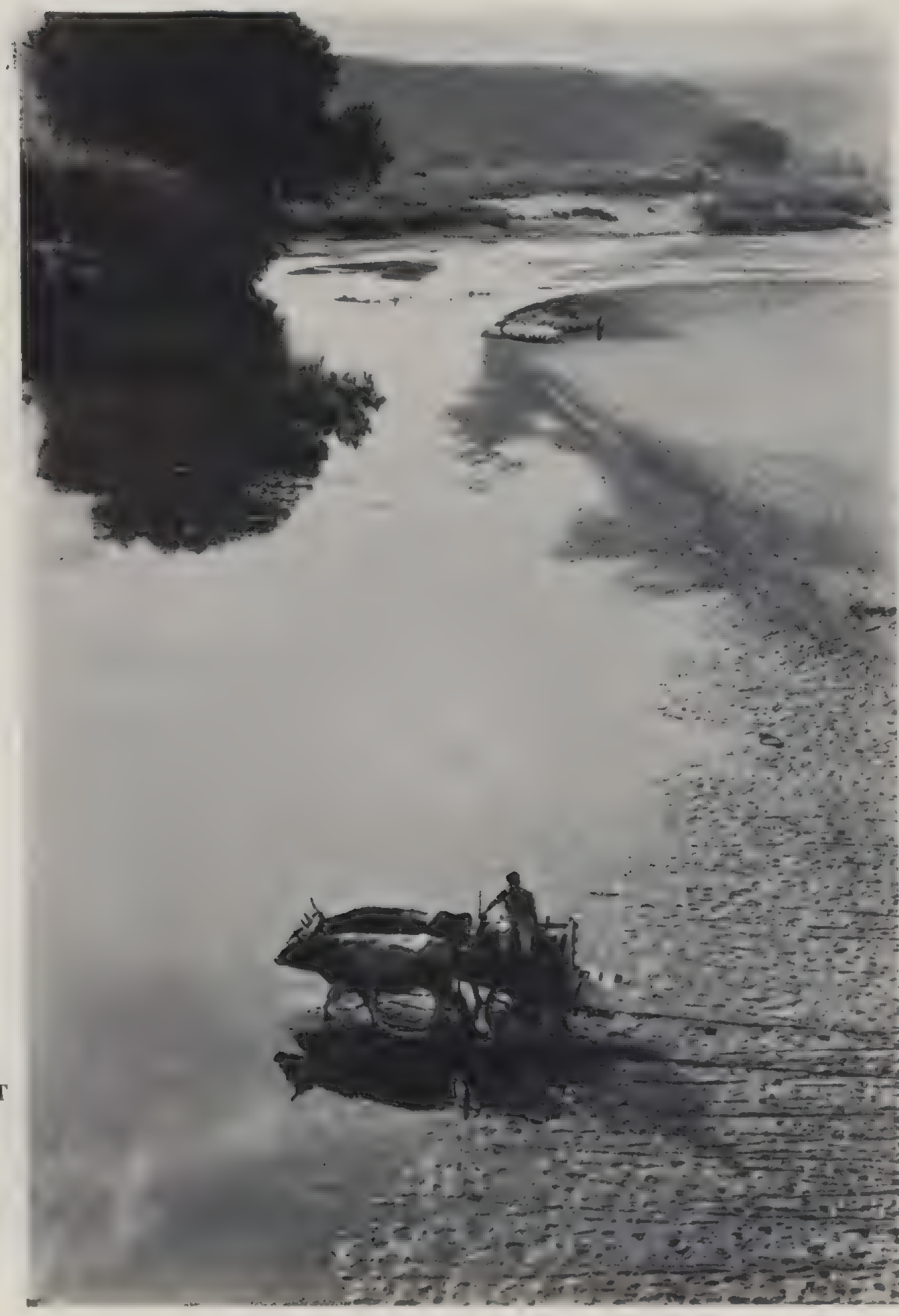




SARDINIA

A UNIQUE ISLAND HOVERING BETWEEN OLD-FASHIONED BANDITRY AND JETS— FOUR PAGES PHOTOGRAPHED BY HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

Sardinia remains, this instant, untouched. To arrive in Sardinia this afternoon would be to find virtually the same grey and olive-green island that Admiral Nelson saw, and Garibaldi after him: an Italian island with none of Italy's accessible charm, a place oddly beautiful in its aridity, its difficulty. Sardinia's past, Alan Ross once wrote, was a deep "beauty sleep"; Sardinia's future is the inexorable jet strip. These days, the young who have never left the island want to be not shepherds but film editors, while police warn travellers planning to drive at night through the central mountains to leave their jewellery in town. That is still bandit country. (Perhaps because Sardinians on the whole lack the Italian passion for Getting Together. Sardinian bandits tend to be lone entrepreneurs.) In spite of international talk about an island flooded with boom resort money, nothing much has happened. Land has, of course, been *bought;* not developed. (Continued next page)



A RIVER MEETS THE SEA NEAR OROSEI: A PALE LUMINOUS LAND WITH ALMONDS, SHEEP, AND RARE WATER

LEFT: "TIO ANTONIO" UNCLE ANTONIO, A GREAT HOMERIC FIGURE, LIKE MANY OF THE SARDINIAN MEN AND WOMEN, HERE AT A PILGRIMAGE AT DESULO

When D. H. Lawrence and his wife Frieda landed at Cagliari in 1921, they saw "a naked town rising steep, steep, golden-looking, piled naked to the sky from the plain . . . without trees, without cover, rising rather bare and proud, remote as if back in history, like a town in a monkish, illuminated missal. One wonders how it ever got there." How Cagliari ever got there is in fact a matter of some speculation; classical references do not quite tally. The first colonists, however, seem to have been Libyans, crossing over under Sardus, the son of Heracles; then came Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Byzantines, Goths, Saracens—century after century of worrying the rather dry bone that was Sardinia.

TWO SARDINIANS GRAVELY BAKE THEMSELVES IN THE WHITE HOT SAND—AN OLD ITALIAN CURE

Now, a two-lane asphalt road (the biggest and best on the island) runs from Cagliari up to Sassari; the Rome planes land both places. Sassari has glassy piazzas, pretty girls in rather city clothes, an almost Corbusier sense of space; Cagliari has American sailors, old Ava Gardner movies, air-conditioned bars where goldfish flicker in wall tanks. The province of Nuoro is the last stronghold of a grave people, tender, violent, with inner pride, people who do not show immediately their quality. Outside the towns, the island still lies somnolent in its haze of heat, its history. White, pink, lined with pines, the beaches silently invoke mythology. One looks out on apparently limitless sea—although blue most places, at Cagliari the exact milky green of turquoise. What sticks in the memory about all Sardinia is, in fact, that illusion of limitless space—that, and the elusively Oriental aura of the clear dry air, suffused with a mingling of herbs, olives, chestnuts, hazel, myrtle, almonds. Air that seems to be, as Lawrence wrote, "throbbing with light and the sea's nearness, and all so lost, in a world long gone by." (For specifics of the travellers' life, some places to stay, see page 26.)

LOVE, PICNICS, A KIND OF FIRST-WARM-DAY-IN-MAY FOR FOUR STUDENTS OF ARCHITECTURE



SARDINIA





JOHN STEWART



Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and their children, Drew, sixteen months, Beau, three years old, waving at tugboats from the window seat of their apartment overlooking the East River.

THE NEW YORK APARTMENT OF
MR. AND MRS. JOHN BARRY RYAN, III.
SHOWN HERE AND ON
THE NEXT SIX PAGES,
A SETTING FOR A YOUNG
CONTEMPORARY LIFE—

AN OASIS OF ORIGINALITY


BALLETS RUSSES



JOHN STEWART

No one enters the Ryan apartment without an immediate reaction of pleasure, of wonderment, or simply—of astonishment. From the moment the door is opened (probably by three-year-old Beau) there is a sensation of bright, clean colour, of glistening polish, of the fresh, green scent of cypress.

A sharp turn left leads down a narrow book-lined corridor into the sitting room. The impact there is of waxed woods, glittering red, black lacquers; of burnished silver, clear mirror, cut crystal, zebra stripes, leopard spots, orange, green, gold, blue, red, lavender, yellow, black, orange-red, with everything gleaming against shiny white enamelled walls.

Then there are the collections.

Wherever the eye darts, it lands on another island of objects. Some are valuable, others worthless except for visual delight. They cover walls, and the tops of tables. They are in shelves, on pianos, in corners, on the floor. Some rest in the seats of chairs.

The furniture seems a collection, too. A mélange of miscellaneous periods and values, it ranges from an eighteenth-century English red-lacquer secretary to a set of Vermont snowshoe chairs. And yet strangely, there is no feeling of clutter or claustrophobia. The placement of one object to another, the objects to the table, the table to the wall, all are part of a superb geometry that eventually meshes the whole room.

Music is important to the Ryans. In the acoustically accurate sitting room there are twin pianos and completely professional tape recording equipment. Along one wall is a library of tapes—all recorded by Mr. Ryan in this sitting room—of performances by some of the most important musicians, and some by dramatists auditioning their plays.

And the design. In spite of masses of objects in every room, there is order and seren- (Continued on next page)

THE RYAN SITTING ROOM—AT FIRST GLANCE A DAZZLEMENT IN ITS SPLASH OF COLOURS, PATTERNS, COLLECTIONS

Continued



ity. There is no dust anywhere. Every object in every collection is in the peak of condition. Obviously this is the Xanadu of perfectionists. It is an enclosed world of its own, a complete expression of an exceptionally personal taste. It is the natural ambiance of the Ryans.

John Barry Ryan, III, an investment banker, is a member of two distinguished families. He is a grandson of Otto Kahn and a great-grandson of Thomas Fortune Ryan. "D. D." Ryan is the former Dorinda Dixon, once a fashion editor and now a housewife and innovator "sans pareille."

Mrs. Ryan has been described as the sort of person who "can not place an object, arrange a flower, hang clothes in a closet, or light a cigarette without making an ornamental gesture." She is, in fact, a New Englander with a passionate love of anything "visually beautiful" and an equally passionate desire to maintain it perfectly. Although a five-day-a-week housekeeper and a nanny for the children assist with the apartment, Mrs. Ryan does the time-consuming, arduous work of keeping up the collections. "I started out expecting people to know how to clean everything," Mrs. Ryan said. "Then the naïveté wore off. I learned myself." For instance, she polishes the innumerable pieces of silver by the old-fashioned method, using rouge mixed with oil and large amounts of "elbow grease." "It's mucky, but it gives the most beautiful patina."

Beau, an enchanting child with the charm of both his parents, scampers through the rooms aware of the thousands of objects, but not intimidated by them. The staircase, a lovely free-hanging fancy with bamboo-shaped spindles, polished wood banister, and leopard-print runner, curls from the nursery above to the centre of the sitting room. Beau considers the staircase his own property, usually descending by sliding down the banister. Mr. Ryan's whistle signalling his return in the evening brings a rush to the door. Drew, sixteen months old, probably will sing him a strictly Drew Ryan version of "oh, oh, oh your boat." Beau reports on the events of the day which might have included a visit to "F.A.O. Squartz."

The Ryans enter- (Continued on page 135)

Left: Mrs. Ryan in an at-home coat made from Japanese kimono cotton, seated in an armchair covered with the same material. In the background, polka-dot pillows.

Opposite: In the John Barry Ryan, III, apartment: some of their collections varying from paper balloons to rare eighteenth-century coconut cups. Everywhere in the apartment, even in the efficiently organized closets, drawers, and shelves, there is a sense of beautiful, precise, effective arrangement. (On the next two pages, more photographs.)

JOHN STEWART

AT THE RYANS': THE SPLENDOUR OF COLOUR, THE DARING USE OF PATTERN

Continued



Scottish horn cups mulls



Paper flowers, real anemone



Stacked pillows on sofa



Bead flowers in fishbowl



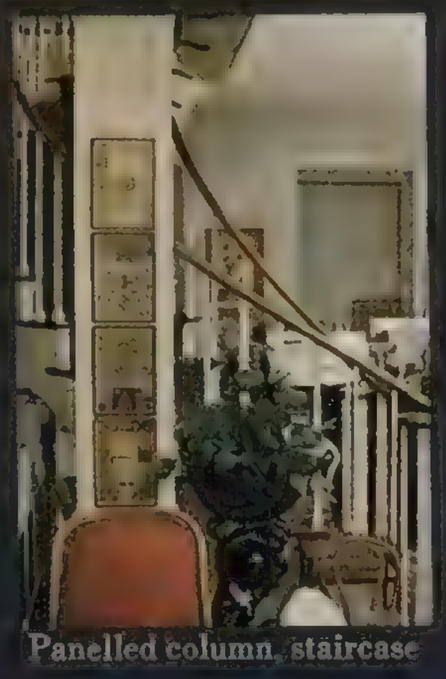
Oriental butterfly kites



Rows of stored glasses



Gloves filed in a drawer



Panelled column, staircase



Silver geometry on desk



Cowrie-shell boxes



Organized clothes closet



Paperweights, globes



Fourteen collections



A drawer full of necklaces



Silver-framed photographs



Grouped colour collections



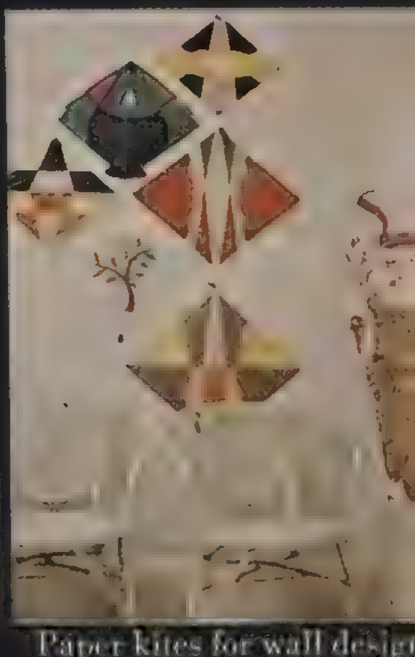
Bell jar of paper balloons



Linen stored efficiently



Television set as table



Paper kites for wall design

Dishes in accidental design

Ivory flowers, silver on desk

Paintings casually arranged

Cache of rare coconut cups

Iron washbasin for salad











JOHN STEWART

THE PATTERNED RYAN HOUSE WHERE EVERYTHING WORKS Continued



Pattern links three of the major rooms in this small apartment.

Right: Mrs. Ryan in her yellow, efficient kitchen, where pots and pans hang like a canopy over a chopping board table, where gadgets swing from a pegboard panel, and the antique iron white washstand is rimmed with spices.

Above: The bright glisten of the Ryan dining room, where a Coromandel screen faces bentwood chairs, the table is covered with Indian cloth, and Chinese and Japanese paper butterflies hang on the wall. In cases, designed by Mrs. Ryan, are more of their innumerable collections.

Left: Mrs. Ryan reading to Beau in the sitting room. On the white leather sofa, stacked with pillows, some cotton prints, some needlepoint.



BEAUTY BULLETIN

THIS FORTNIGHT'S PROCEEDINGS IN THE BEAUTY MINES. A FOUR-PAGE NEWS ACCOUNT...

Whole new top proportion. Right now the most rivetting single situation in beauty is what's happening to hair—or isn't. The rush to the Oliver haircut, the Rondinella, the wet-comb shaping accounts for half the news. The other half concerns the non-cutters and how they see la vie en coif. What it comes to is this: many women have found flat hair a wrench. Admitting that too much teen feel (we're mad about that description for the agony records) killed a great thing, where does a woman go for the flattery of wildly teased hair? Where some supersmart women are going is to the hairdresser, and letting him off the hook . . . telling him they recognize the smartness of a sharp, trying haircut, but still need flattery. As a result, hairdressers are entering a second and far more sophisticated phase: they're building fairly big heads of hair with sides narrowed for day; adding great, gorgeous fantasy heights and widths for night. That's it. Which party does Vogue vote? Both: no one draws first blood. For the woman able to wear a short, wet-combable haircut, we have nothing but admiration and maybe some envy (her summer will be a breeze). For the woman who can't, our encouragement to do what's becoming. The big, splendid organdie hat with the outpouring of flowers below is by St. Laurent. At Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

The thin blue line drawn below is the eye make-up idea about which we can't stop talking. Draw it with a soft blue pencil (Elizabeth Arden, Dorothy Gray, Swick are three good sources). Your eyes may moisten briefly, but then they'll seem clear, bright, definitely outlined. Work carefully. Stay above the lash line.

Building plan for a face. Architectural plan is a new under-make-up lotion called Contourfilm by Cyclax. After it's dried, apply make-up as always. It's easy to wear, doesn't cause tautness. Saks Fifth Avenue.

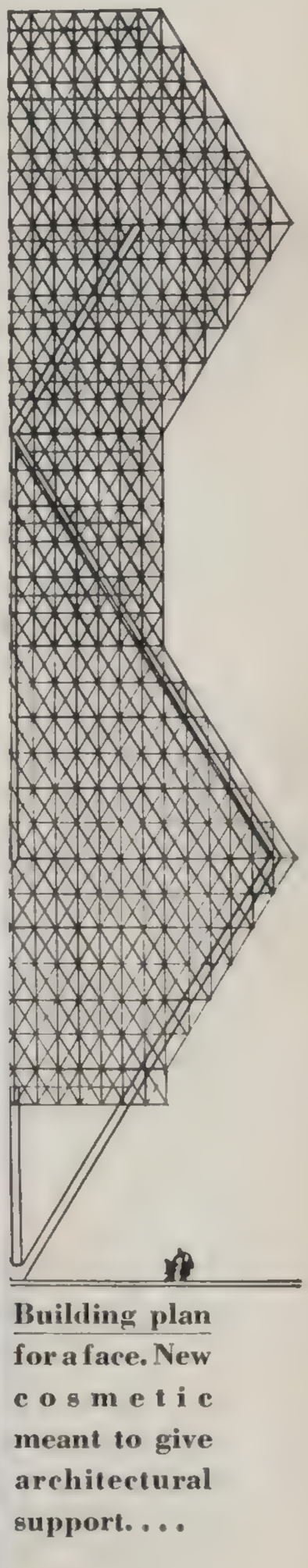
The beautifying bath—a portrait of one to sample

Opposite page: **The bath that's golden, woodsy, its soft green scent warmed with the feeling of sunlight . . . this is what's known as the aura of the newly-designed bath ingredients called Golden Woods by Max Factor. You can try the scent for size and silkiness (see page 38 for how that's arranged). In any case, what has emerged as definitely as the nymph opposite is this fact: the plain unvarnished bath is all washed up. Women have done that reckless thing they do from time to time: found something better—and turned to it in droves. . . .**



The thin blue line that's the secret of whiter eye whites. . . . Whole new top proportion. How much hat, how much hair belong in the new scale of fashion. . . .

BRUCE DAVIDSON



Building plan for a face. New cosmetic meant to give architectural support. . . .



One of the most original cosmetics around: a jelly-like buffing lotion for hands and a thin make-up cream to apply over it. Polished Hands is Scandia's name for the idea....The Saga bleached white mink jacket, by and at Ritter Bros.; also at Holt Renfrew. Ring, from David Webb.

New turnout for hands: a make-up of their own...

BEAUTY BULLETIN



MORE BEAUTY STOPS TO MAKE ON YOUR WAY TO A LOOK. THE KEY WORD IS INVENTION

Tigerish charm. Short talk about where it belongs, where not. . . . Bath news wearing the big initial "G" and a famous dedication. . . .



New way to get a better figure out of every step you take: an exercise that can be an automatic part of walking. . . . *New way to a better figure* goes this way: throw out dreary and maybe wholly-misguided notions about posture that adjure you to chest up, derrière tucked in. Replacement takes a few seconds to learn—and you can measure the difference in your skirt's waistband instantly. From Carola Trier's exercise studio where improved figures are turned out and ballet names are toned up, this basic recipe: 1. Imagine the lower half of your torso is a concertina. Press concertina by pressing abdomen and small of back together (equal pressure from each). Don't tuck under. 2. Drop your chest *into* the concertina. 3. Roll shoulders softly up to your ears, then let shoulders drop down and back. 4. With feet parallel, spaced six inches apart, put weight equally on first and fifth toes of each foot. Don't lock knees; bend them slightly. 5. Shift body's weight completely onto toes and you'll fall forward into a perfect, body-toning walk. Learn position and when you've grasped it, make it a habit. (Dream-dress walking: Grès shift with her alluring crenellated hem.)

Tigerish charm mentioned above, right. Used here to make a certain point for us, a Chinese rubbing. In photographing an otherwise-ravishing mannequin recently, we observed elbows and knees too coarse and discoloured for a bathing-suit. She resurfaced herself immediately by painting coarse spots with Pretty Feet, which rubs right off, leaves nothing but fresh young skin in sight.

Bath news marked "G," right. Six little pale-pink soaps in "L'Interdit," a Givenchy fragrance said to have been designed for Audrey Hepburn (who's unmissable, pages 64 to 73, this issue). The soaps, news at Saks Fifth Avenue. ZZZZZ (see below) is here to represent sleep, which is what deodorants shouldn't do. For light dressing, dry cake-deodorant in a compact makes retouching easy as powdering a nose. Compact carries, is ever alert. Secure is the Helene Curtis version. Dri-Day is Maradel's. Both are anti-perspirants as well.



ZZZZZ

HORST

Inside pinks

a brief for lightness

Building up to this season's pinks, with all sorts of rosiness flourishing from pale inside-shell tones to bright geranium pinks, are these new skin-out pinks with this additional news: a feeling of nothingness that stems from airy lightness of weight, subtle unperemptory construction that makes for smooth natural-body lines. Slips, shortened to well above the knee, called chemises and looking very much like the cropped, shifty underthings that bore that name in an earlier decade (and some women now wear these almost always, since dresses are so often lined to self-supporting opaqueness). Briefs and girdles trimmed to minimal proportions—cool, almost weightless, but persuasive. Nightdresses with lovely floaty looks, often high-waisted. A couple of beautiful new brassière shapes. All, light little nothings. All, pink.

Opposite: For under a dress (probably pink) with slanted skirt fullness, pink briefs, finely fluted, with a tutu of nylon Valenciennes lace. By Saab, of Burlington nylon tricot; about $11. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; I. Magnin.

Below, left: All the slip a pink dress might need—a pink chemise with camisole top, edged with nylon lace. One flower blooms in embroidery. By Asha, in crêpe of nylon, Dacron, and silk; about $20. Henri Bendel; Joseph Magnin.

Right: Pink and white chemise with V-cut front, embroidered edges. By Hollywood Vassarette in tricot of Antron nylon; about $9. Altman's; Dayton's.



Inside pinks—new brief for lightness

More inside pinks here—two for sleeping, three for shaping that could build up, as pink-in-depth, to one of the pink dresses shown on pages 90-105. All, featherweight forms.

Left: Girdle that slims on small resources—pink nylon power net made with Lycra, and a front panel that's firmly non-stretch, lacy. By Olga; about $11 at Bonwit Teller; Bullock's-Wilshire.

Centre, below: Pink dream of a nightdress, with Empire bodice of hand-clipped lace, tiny satin buttons. By Warner-Laros, of double nylon tricot; about $15. Altman's; Bullock's, Downtown.

Right, below: Pink brassière to give a soft, moulded shape the lightest possible way. By Vanity Fair, in tricot of Du Pont nylon. About $4. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop.

Opposite page, left: Pantie girdle that weighs in at one ounce, with sleek front seaming, back cut longer to stay down—good control for shorts, slacks. By Venus, of pink Du Pont nylon woven with Vyrene. About $5. Henri Bendel; Harzfeld's.

Opposite page, right: Sleeping chemise with panties, both about the same length. The top shaped by lace and embroidered panels; hem deeply scalloped in lace. By Yolande, of pink Fortrel and cotton; about $9. Best & Co.; Frederick & Nelson.









Inside pinks—their lighter side

Mostly sleeping pinks here, with one peignoir of white eyelet embroidery that—over a pink nightdress—would be extra delicious. The shape-makers, more pink lightweights—a brassière and pantie girdle for a soft, natural line.

This page, left: Long nightdress, crisply checked in pale-pink and white. Shirred at the neckline—which is high in front and slung low at the back; the fullness, spilled headlong from wide satin ribbon straps—quivered with small butterfly bows. By Iris, in a cool Dacron and cotton blend (the fabric by Stoffel). About $18, at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel.

This page, centre: Wanted for a pink nightdress: toe-length peignoir of white cotton eyelet, with pink ribbon beading laced through the neckline, pink velvet bows on the sleeves. By Lucie Ann, about $70. Saks Fifth Avenue; Gus Mayer.

This page, right: Dress-length nightdress of chiffon floated over tricot, squiggled with bright-pink flowers and foliage. Empire-sashed. By Hollywood Vassarette, of Antron nylon, about $17; at Lord & Taylor; Joseph Magnin.

Opposite page, left: In shell pink, two light, little-nothing shape-makers. The plungey brassière is of white nylon lace backed with pink—made with Lycra; underwired, about $9. Lacy pantie girdle, brief as a bikini—the same coolly delicious combination of white lace and pink Lycra. Detachable garters, satin ribbon leading to bows; about $11. Both from the Formfit Designers Collection: Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

Opposite page, right: Flowing Empire peignoir, partly bright-pink linen, mostly white cotton dotted in blue. Over a long, dotted, white cotton nightdress with an Empire waist, a neckline V'd like the peignoir's. By Iris; peignoir about $25; the nightdress about $18. Both at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.





VOGUE
PATTERNS



VOGUE PATTERN 5888



Spring suit–life: colour it pink

Pink suit, far left, the flavour of strawberry ice cream: cardigan jacket, widening skirt, in one of the new dry, grainy silks. Flipped over the neckline, the collar of a sleeveless put-over, in a cooler, paler kind of pink. Jacket, skirt, blouse, all bisected, centre front, by double inset bands. Vogue Pattern 5888, of Onondaga fabrics (blouse of acetate-rayon crêpe). Aris gloves, at Lord & Taylor. Hat by Lilly Daché. Strawberry-pink suit, left, crisp as straw; news in the windbreak jacket—shirt-cuff sleeves, shirt pockets, and a shirt-front closing peeled back into suit-jacket lapels; gathered onto a battle-jacket band in back. Hip-yoked skirt; sleeveless white blouse. Vogue Pattern 5847, in Staron's Barbacane of Fibranne; blouse in Catoir silk crêpe. Gloves by Fuchs: Henri Bendel. Other views, sizes, yardages: page 16.

VOGUE PATTERN 5847

LOUIS FAURER



DINNER FOR FOUR, THE MAIN EVENT

4 TABLES, ALL SMALL RULE-BREAKERS

The making of a pretty table can be the breaking of those subconscious little rules that tend to make tables exercises in geometry—perfect squares, circles, and rectangles. Abandoning the centrepiece in favour of a casual cluster of loved objects at an end of a long table—or to one side of a round table—is one way to change the pattern. Freeform seating is another. So is the merger of contemporary sterling silver with old objects. Here to left and right, three attractive dinner situations, full of attractive exceptions.

DINNER WITH TELEVISION, *opposite*, is set for two to share (along with the TV special) service from a nearby cart. To each his own table, the man's, a red lacquer chow table in front of the leopard-cushioned wicker chair; his tray and matching napkin, blue cornflowers; his soup dish, white pottery, shaped like a napkin, on a green saucer. The woman might sit in the other willow tub chair, orange-cushioned with a zebra pillow, her tray setup different. Her black chow table supports a tray and napkin of pink carnations and blue butterflies; her pink onion soup dish rests on a white-and-green saucer. On both trays, the sterling silver is "Plain" by Gorham.

DINNER THE MAIN EVENT, *above left*. The guests are seated zigzag at a long narrow writing table, the dining slated to go on at one end of the table, the other end set aside for certain appetizing treasures, including a painting. The strong blues of old French opaline pieces, silk cornflowers, a spray of heather in a china pug candleholder meld with the greens of decanters and wine glasses. The comforts include, in addition to the seating arrangement, great porcelain dinner plates, deep enough to hold soup, and the swirl-handled sterling silver, Oneida's "Vivant" pattern.

DINNER WITH THEATRE IMMEDIATELY AHEAD, *left*, embraces such concessions to time as an old crystal ball clock (in front of the candlesticks) and a one-course meal—in this case shrimp gumbo. Three people might make a well-adjusted triangle at a long glass sawhorse table, its colours a fugue of black, white, crystal, and silver. The black comes in the soup saucer and service plate—the first all-black porcelain ever; in the zebra rug that shows through the table; in the leather that slings the chairs. Four antique crystal candlesticks and, to their right, a Bernard Rosenthal cut bronze abstract sculpture rise up at one end of the table. All the silver is antique, except the contemporary sterling silver knives, forks, and spoons—these the sculptured "Vision" pattern by International. Special comforts—the great Burgundy-taster wine glasses and the generous covering of twenty-seven-inch-square damask napkins.

More of the composition of these table settings, and where to find their elements: page 133.

DINNER FOR THREE, PRE-THEATRE



DINNER FOR TWO, WITH TELEVISION

GRIGSBY



VOGUE'S OWN MENU

A LUNCHEON FOR TWELVE

In this luncheon everything is cold except the gnocchi, that Italian form of dumplings. They go well with one of Italy's driest white table wines, Verdicchio, just as the duck does with full-bodied red Côtes-du-Rhône.

VOGUE'S OWN MENU

MENU

GREEN GNOCCHI PARISIENNE*
(With Sauce Mornay*)

CARAFES OF
VERDICCHIO WINE

DUCK IN ORANGE ASPIC*

ROMAINE AND ORANGE SALAD

WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS*

CARAFES OF
CÔTES-DU RHÔNE

LEMON ICE WITH FRESH RASPBERRIES

ALMOND COOKIES*

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

GREEN GNOCCHI PARISIENNE

FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

- 1½ cups milk
- ¼ pound butter
- ¼ teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons puréed spinach (baby food may be used)
- 1½ cups sifted flour
- 2 cups riced potatoes dry
- ½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 4 large eggs
- Salt and cayenne pepper

Bring the milk, butter, and ½ teaspoon of salt, 3 or 4 dashes of cayenne, the nutmeg, and the spinach to a boil. Add the flour all at once, stir briskly. Cook a few minutes stirring until the mixture forms a ball. Add the potatoes and cheese. Blend well. Add the eggs one at a time, beating well with a wooden spoon. Spread batter ½-inch thick on buttered surface. When cool, roll into long sausages and cut into 1½-inch lengths. Poach them in salted water that is just simmering or they will disintegrate. They will turn over of their own accord. Cook about 8 to 10 minutes. Drain them well. When all are cooked, mix them with the Sauce Mornay and gratinée in a hot oven.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

SAUCE MORNAY

FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

- 8 tablespoons butter
- 8 tablespoons flour
- 3½ cups hot milk
- ⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- ⅓ cup grated Gruyère cheese
- ½ cup cream
- 2 tablespoons bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons butter

Salt, pepper, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg

Melt the butter, add the flour, stir and heat slowly till bubbling. Cook 2 minutes. Take off the fire, add the hot milk, stir briskly. Add salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Replace on the fire and cook, stirring until it boils. Simmer a minute, add the cheeses, reserving a tablespoon of each. Add the cream, stir until smooth, combine gently with the gnocchi and pour into a buttered oven dish. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and the remaining cheese, and dot with the 2 tablespoons of butter. The dish may be made ahead to this point. Heat in a 400° oven until hot and golden.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

DUCK IN ORANGE ASPIC

FOR TWELVE PEOPLE

- 3 5-pound ducks
- For stuffing birds:
  - 3 half oranges
  - 3 stalks celery
- 3 onions, sliced
- For the pan: 1 onion, sliced
- 3 stalks celery, bay leaf, thyme
- 3 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper

Preheat oven to 450°. Wipe ducks dry. Prick legs, back, and lower breast with a fork. Season in and out with salt and pepper. Stuff each with half orange, onion, and stalk of celery. Place ducks in roasting pan with remaining vegetables and herbs. Roast 30 minutes. Lower heat to 350° and roast for about 1 hour and 20 minutes, emptying the fat and turning ducks. Cool ducks. Glaze with aspic.

Aspic: Strip the zest of 4 navel oranges and julienne. Simmer in 1 cup tawny port wine for 15 minutes. Remove all fat from roasting pan; deglaze with 3 cups beef consommé. Strain into orange and wine. Simmer 10 minutes. Dissolve 2 packages unflavoured gelatin in ½ cup cold water and melt in hot broth. Cool, remove any fat left. Glaze ducks with half-set aspic, several times. Rake remaining aspic with fork and surround ducks on serving platter. Decorate with tufts of watercress and preserved kumquats. Use orange sections in salad.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS

MAKES THIRTY BISCUITS

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup vegetable fat

1 cup milk

Stir flour, baking powder, and salt into a bowl. Cut in the vegetable fat or work it in quickly with the fingertips. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Knead on a floured board until smooth, a minute or so. Roll out the dough until ½ inch thick. Cut biscuits out with a 2-inch round cookie cutter. Place on a greased cookie sheet and bake in a preheated 475° oven for 10 to 12 minutes, or until golden. Serve immediately.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

ALMOND COOKIES

MAKES ABOUT FORTY COOKIES

- ½ cup soft butter or one stick
- ½ cup sugar
- Pinch of salt
- 1¼ cups sifted flour
- ⅓ cup ground almonds
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 1 teaspoon almond extract
- Almond halves
- Vanilla sugar

Cream the butter, beat in the sugar. Sift the salt and the flour, work in the butter and sugar, ground almonds, egg yolk, and flavouring. Chill 2 hours and roll out in small amounts to about ¼-inch thickness. (It is easier to roll this dough between waxed paper sheets.) Cut with a 2-inch cookie cutter. Use a spatula to lift off cookies onto a greased cookie sheet. Lightly press one almond half on top of each cookie. Bake on the top rack in a 350° oven (preheated) for 10 to 12 minutes or until very faintly golden. Remove from oven and dust with vanilla superfine sugar while still warm. These cookies are very delicate. Let them cool a little before lifting them off the cookie sheet with a spatula.

FOUR TABLES. ALL SMALL RULE-BREAKERS

(Continued from page 130)

The component parts of the table settings on pages 130-131.

DINNER WITH TELEVISION

The rug: Natural-coloured Swedish Rya-weave with a high linen pile; 6′6″ x 10′; $255. Scandinavian Marketing Associates.

Willow tub chairs: One with a leopard-like plush cushion, one with orange sailcloth; $180 each in sailcloth or own fabric. Pillow of zebra-dyed rabbit fur; $65. Leigh Hammond.

The Italian pottery: White napkin-shaped covered soup dish on a green leaf saucer and white service plate; $22.50 altogether. White leaf for butter dish or ashtray; $4. Pink onion covered soup dish on a white-and-green saucer and white service plate; $15.50 altogether. Green leaf for butter dish or ashtray, $4. Leigh Hammond.

The trays: Patterned French linens, each different, laminated into clear plastic trays 16″ x 22″; $10.50 each. Bound napkins to match the trays, $4 each. Porthault.

The wineglasses: Thin iridescent crystal. $4.50 each. Leigh Hammond.

The chow tables: Red lacquer and black lacquer, 18″ square, $80 each. Leigh Hammond.

Salt and pepper: English sterling silver pepper shakers, reproductions of 1730 ones: $33 each. Bullet-shaped salts of bronze and sterling; $4 each, tax included. Museum Silver Shop.

The cart: An *étagère* with three glass shelves, bamboo-like frames in pink. Iron copy of an old French piece, 32″ high; $165. Doris Dessauer.*

On the cart: A. Gnoli Italian pottery. Leigh Hammond.

Sterling silver: "Plain" by Gorham. $49 tax included, 6-piece place setting. Black, Starr & Frost; Shreve's, Boston.

DINNER THE MAIN EVENT

Table and chairs: A copy of a Louis XV writing table, 22″ x 66″, and Italian off-white iron chairs with brass, blue-and-green cotton pads. Roslyn Rosier.

On the table: French antique opaline salts, cigarette trays, condiment pots with ormolu covers, butter dish, and ashtrays. Old Dutch wineglasses, bottle-green. Early American glass decanters, blue-green. Basket of French silk blue cornflowers. Chinese pug candleholder. A carved wood eighteenth-century cello head, a wood and ivory bust of the Duc d'Orléans, a French carved ivory hand seal, a French-African carved ivory figure. These at Roslyn Rosier.

Wallpaper: Blue with a white clover design. "Petiellant," $8.10 a roll, Philip Graf Wallpapers.*

China: Royal Copenhagen "Blue Flower Angular" porcelain dinner plates; $18 a 5-piece place setting. Georg Jensen.

Napkins: Italian Bissot linen, hand azure embroidery: $72 a dozen. Léron.

Painting: "Cub with Emerald Eyes," by Darrel Austin. Perls Galleries. New York.

Sterling silver: "Vivant" by Oneida. $45 tax included, 6-piece place setting. Macy's.

DINNER PRE-THEATRE

Table and rug: Sawhorse table with thick plate glass top, aluminum base. African zebra rug. John Vesey.*

Chairs: Black saddle leather sling chairs with chrome-plated steel frames. Laverne.*

The antique silver on the table: includes an 1835 French wine cup, a George III child's mug, an 1840-50 Dutch tobacco box. a 1900 soap box, a Charles II octagonal box with chinoiserie engraving, footed salt dishes with blue glass liners. All at Museum Silver Shop.

The clock: Copy of an old crystal ball clock: $85. tax included. Milton Schepps.

Wineglasses and decanters: Classic-shaped Burgundy tasters; $19.50 each. Etrusque decanters; $17.50 each. From France. at Baccarat.

Glass candlesticks: A collection of old moulded glass and crystal sticks from Roslyn Rosier.

Bronze sculpture: "The Id of Odd" by Bernard Rosenthal. Solid-cut bronze, 5½″ high. The Kootz Gallery, New York.

The china: New "Variation" white china, designed by Tapio Wirkkala of Finland, mixed with "Porcelaine Noire." the first all-black china in the history of porcelain; $17 a 5-piece place setting. By Rosenthal China, at Altman's.

The napkins: White Irish double damask dinner napkins. 27″ square; $84 a dozen. Monogram, $6.75 each. Léron.

Sterling silver: "Vision" by International. $58.50 tax included, 6-piece place setting. Bloomingdale's; Shreve's, Boston.

*THROUGH DECORATORS

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(Continued from page 87)

limitations of work space and in part because he felt even his own anonymous painting style was too individualistic, he began to silk-screen his images. This silk-screen process allowed him to make small, endless, exact repetitions of an image on a tremendous canvas. The reiteration refers, of course, not only to a sense of sequence in time, like frames of a movie, but to the way the world mass-produces and mass-distributes in absolutely impersonal terms products and people-symbols, even birth and death.

Andy Warhol has come to terms with the mass-communication, mass-production world. He says he loves it. He seems to love everything and to love equally. This is another way of saying that he does not love at all, because neither love nor hate can be indiscriminate. I suspect he feels not love, but complacency and that he sees, not with pleasure or disgust, but with acquiescence. These are weak ways of seeing and feeling. They may account for the fact that, for me at least, his paintings are weak. His apparent ingenuousness has made certain critics compare him to the ingenuous Douanier Rousseau. But *his* vision was full of wonder, perception, and imagination and it informed every corner of his magic picture-making.

One is shocked at first by the giantism of Warhol's soup cans which, by their size, become momentarily menacing idols. Just as one adjusts finally to other out-size, un-human-scale matters—enormous boxes of detergents, and jet planes—so one gets used to the colossal soup can, failing even to see it. As one looks at Warhol's numbing, repetitive reproductions of a macabre automobile wreck or the threatening image of an electric chair, one is horrified by the reminder of how anonymous, how violent, and how vulgarly a matter of public property even death has become these days; but, like the image it so exactly reproduces, the work cancels itself out and loses all meaning. Since there has been no intensification, no pictorial development, no visible hand of a maker, there is nothing left, no reason to look again. I do not think Warhol *wants* to do any more than call our attention to this world. He seems to be saying: "Here it is. It's all around you. But have you ever seen it?" An artist must do more. He must make you see it more sharply, more concentratedly, more memorably than you might have without him. Why else would you need him?

Roy Lichtenstein, at thirty-nine, is a cool, neat, slight man, with pale-blue eyes, pale sandy hair, a rather linear smile, and a face that seems as angular as Dick Tracy's. He gives the immediate impression of being cerebral rather than intuitive, and so is his art. Like Warhol and Rosenquist, he has rejected the bravura, the subjectively revealing slap and dash technique of the abstract expressionists, deliberately turning to impersonal techniques of mechanical reproduction. But he does not imitate these techniques. With skill and some irony, he recalls them and adapts them. His palette often consists of the harsh primary colours of colour engraving. Sometimes he will use only one colour, alluding to its economy in commercial art and its obvious senselessness in capital A art. He has made delightful effects in his paintings out of the Ben Day dots of printing, the net through which we see so much of the world.

Like Warhol and Rosenquist, Lichtenstein paints the new "secondary" reality. He forces our focus on the symbols of things, especially in his comic-strip and ad-derived paintings, thus reminding us how real emotion and real situations have become submerged in banal, conventionalized descriptions. For Lichtenstein, there is neither protest nor enthusiasm. There is acceptance. It is, however, not blind or bland acceptance. He has looked at the mass-communication, mass-production world with a fixed and penetrating gaze; he has, as an artist, so intensified and heightened its images that he has in his paintings a powerful impact.

It is not only the giant scale that makes us take notice. It is the intensity, the strengthening, the dramatizing and the exaggeration, the elimination and the vitalization of his sources that make his paintings of isolated objects seem more like the actual things than the things themselves. When he is at his best, he transforms the comic strips and mindless clichés of American-girl images a step beyond super-caricature or satire into concentrated works of art. Simultaneously, he develops pictorial possibilities: his "Golf Ball" has a splendid inner rhythm. In "Ice Cream Soda" he has handsomely exploited the curves and the Art-Nouveau-shaped highlights of a commonplace glass. Lichtenstein's paintings not only claim attention. They hold attention. Whether you like them or not, they haunt you. And they retain their forcefulness on repeated viewings.

For me, James Rosenquist is the best of the pop-art artists. Pop-art images are by their nature—as Aldous Huxley wrote of the distresses caused by lack of money—not the kind to lend themselves easily to poetical treatment. They are, essentially,

(Continued on page 136)

(Continued from page 114)



A corridor of the Ryan apartment is lined with books, some stacked horizontally to save space. The thick shelves, are bevelled to give an illusion of thinness.

tain informally, often one or two people at a time, rarely more than six. Because they are tremendously interested in the theatre, the cinema, in books, in photography, many of their friends are from these worlds. (Beau's two godfathers are the composers, Harold Arlen and Stephen Sondheim. Drew's is Martin Gabel, the well-known actor.)

With guests, the Ryans dine off trays anywhere in the house, or, occasionally seated on high stools around the chopping-board kitchen table. Mrs. Ryan is the cook and her kitchen is the kind of place cooks dream about. Like every other room in the apartment it is a fascinating arrangement of objects and a masterpiece of efficiency and storage. In the kitchen there is just about every gadget, partly because Mrs. Ryan believes they make cooking more efficient, partly because Mr. Ryan "collects" them. His last Christmas gift to Mrs. Ryan was a conglomeration of hardware store gadgets including a strawberry culler, a pie crisper, a table-sized carpet cleaner, a steak tester, and a set of baking potato nails. These were added to the already impressive assortment of cooking aids, including the waffle iron the Ryans once won in a Broadway shooting gallery.

Mrs. Ryan's cooking, like most other things in her life, is influenced by her love of colour and her New England background. She detests pale-green food and loves watercress "because it's *dark* green." She is not particularly fond of attempting fancy food, preferring good, simple New England specialties like beef stew, pot roast, Brown Betty, and Mr. Ryan's favourite, fillet of sole. Creamed soups are another specialty which Mrs. Ryan often prepares, along with dessert. in advance.

The Ryans are both expert photographers, though Mr. Ryan no longer does his own developing and printing for lack of darkroom space. Mr. Ryan, who has been making a photographic record of their travels, their acquaintances, their children, said: "We have nine years in negatives that we'll print up some day."

Mrs. Ryan is as uncompromising in her exotic approach to clothes, make-up, and her hair, as she is to design. The effect is vivid, shining. Although she has never been to the Orient, the influence is unmistakable. "Given my choice of countries," she said, "I'd pick Japan. I admire the Japanese serenity of design."

As other women see jewels or furs in their minds, Mrs. Ryan sees cloth. She hoards cloth, finding it impossible to pass up a few yards of a pattern, a texture, a colour that catches

(Continued on page 137)







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images which tend to numb the spirit, not to enhance it. These images can be heightened, brutalized, or vitalized as Lichtenstein does. But it is hard to keep their meaning and still give them poetic expression as Rosenquist does, to make out of a montage of their fragments something greater than the sum of the parts.

Rosenquist, born thirty years ago in North Dakota, has round blue eyes, a quiet voice, and is shy, touchingly earnest. In North Dakota. he painted signs on enormous gas tanks. The foreman of a General Outdoor Advertising crew told him: "Kid, you haven't got the swing." He learned it. A year later, he landed a job with that crew, painting billboards as a member of the Sign Painters and Display Union. He went from art schools to work on billboards in Times Square before he settled on painting.

As we speed in cars and planes, as we are bombarded with movie and television close-ups, as we riffle through magazines, we are confronted everywhere with the enlarged detail. For all of us the fragmentary view is the usual twentieth-century experience. For Rosenquist, the fragment has particular immediacy and possibilities. His billboard experience was strategic. When he covered huge areas, one hundred and ninety-six feet long and fifty-eight feet high, or transposed a life-size photograph of Jane Fonda until there were twenty-one feet between chin and forehead, he saw images as huge arabesques. "The face became a strange geography, the nose like a map of Yugoslavia—you see gigantic relationships, you see only fragments of things." Now he is off the scaffold, but he believes we still see in fragments: not the whole car, but the driver's clenched hands or a fender. In a personal encounter, not the whole person, but the sleeve, the curve of a chin—and always, "the mind runs through."

Rosenquist is the least deadpan of this trio, both in his attitudes and his technique. Mass-production, mass-communication both fascinate and disturb him. He "gets a kick out of box-top things," and out of the supermarket. At the same time, he finds "all those jars in the hard light—the hard sell—have a chilling and monstrous effect, like Picasso's 'Guernica.'"

Wordsworth once wrote that "the remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist or the mineralogist will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which he is now employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings." The elements of the new reality are palpably material to Rosenquist as an enjoying and suffering being. He paints his loves and his hates, often intertwined. He is, unabashedly, "posing problems."

He rejects expressionism and romanticism; his objective, controlled technique is a reflection of, rather than an imitation of, commercial art. His fragments—the colossal Life Saver, the grille of a Ford, a patterned tire—are never mere blowups. They have been recreated with new vividness. At his best, the montage is neither an additive total nor a homogenized whole. It is an artistic synthesis.

When Lawrence Alloway, the curator of the Guggenheim Museum, arranged the pop-art exhibition, he felt that he did Rosenquist a service by omitting those big paintings, like "Silver Skies" or a new one

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her eye. "I like to walk the plank on colours and patterns—going just as far as I can," she said. One of her dinner dresses combines a strapless, black-satin shantung bodice banded in finely striped red, white, black, and green silk with the skirt of heavy, almost quilted damask in crimson, coral, and mottled black.

Mrs. Ryan is probably the only woman chosen four times for the list of the Best Dressed Women of the World who designs everything in her wardrobe. She has been fortunate in finding a dressmaker who understands that clothes, constructed from the inside out, are the ones that keep their shape. Every dress has at least two linings, even those of chiffon. Once Mrs. Ryan is satisfied with a silhouette, constructed properly and with the right proportions, she evolves variations of it ad infinitum.

"I hate rapid change. I expect my clothes to wear 'forever.'" A five-year-old dinner dress that she still wears often is of black velvet moire with bell sleeves "built like a piece of armour."

Mrs. Ryan always wears the exact same kind of shoe—leather or patent for day, satin for evening. It is a sandal with a lowish heel that she designed and has made to order in Paris. "They are absolutely right for my feet," she said. "But the dream of my life would be to design shoes for my friends. Every girl in America has bumps on her heels because many American shoes are cut too high in the back."

Mrs. Ryan refers to her brown hair, grey-brown eyes as being "no colour—luckily." Consequently, she wears with success any colour except beige. Colour in clothes is as important as pattern to Mrs. Ryan. In accessories, she has a rainbow array of gloves, a hundred patterns of scarfs, a collection of jewellery, real and fake, chosen for beauty of design, not value. There is nothing, she believes, that can not be mixed if it is done with a considered eye.

Mrs. Ryan dresses as though mixing colours on a palette. Sometimes she combines "friction" colours—yellow scarf with black silk jersey sweater, a lemon-yellow tweed skirt. Sometimes it is a tonality of shades; with a short dinner dress of luminous gunmetal brocade, she wears black and white pearls, pale-grey suède gloves, greige eyeshadow, and for the only bright light, a strawberry pink lipstick.

Her make-up is the result of a careful study of her features and of many careful sessions in front of a mirror with unbearably strong lights. Her overall appearance is natural (she often wears no lipstick) but her eyebrows end suddenly with a slight upward tilt reminiscent of the traditional maquillage of the Kabuki dancers.

Her hair, too, is Japanese in inspiration. Held back from the forehead with a comb or a hairbow, it swings softly over the ears and is shorter in back, showing her long neck. "When I looked in the mirror, I could see that the shape of my head needed it."

And though she does not set out to, Mrs. Ryan influences fashions and décor. Designers and friends find themselves assimilating her ideas. Moving among talented people, the Ryans contribute their own special knowledge to many kinds of projects. Both thoroughly enjoy bringing together a variety of talents that influence creative lives, including their own.



A portrait by De Luca of Mrs. John Barry Ryan, III, and her elder son, Beau, hangs above a bedroom chest arranged with a collection of crystal objects.





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(Continued from page 89)

Shannons were out of the house, down the steeply sloping "back" that leads into Mystic Lake, trying out the single scull. I got down there myself, had a good talk with Dr. Shannon about artificial intelligence, i.e., the higher order of "thinking machines" that he has even programmed as chess players, and was graciously invited back up to the house. "Would you like to walk or ride?" he asked. Since there was nothing anywhere in sight to ride, I assumed I'd ride. Q.v.d., by this time. Dr. Shannon then pushed a button I hadn't noticed on the dock and down through a line of trees came a chair lift. I climbed into the still swinging seat and was cabled back up the hill. On the way I passed a three-foot coral snake twined around the limb of a tree, peering at me with real venom. By the time I figured out that coral snakes do not grow to three feet and anyhow don't climb trees, I was at the top, automatically halted, and there was the cellar to visit. (The cellar, just incidentally, is Dr. Shannon's real workshop. He seems to have the entire DEW line down there, laid out like pieces of a hi-fi kit, and in another room, a complete machine shop.) So it wasn't until this time I really had a chance to ask what a coral snake was doing in his tree. It was just one of those family projects, it seems, like the mouse, or the MTA bus. "I carved the head," Dr. Shannon recalled, "but the boys painted it."

That is the order of the whole household. Mrs. Shannon, for instance, is not only a mathematician herself but also a talented weaver. Her last project was a tapestry which colourfully depicted the dissection of the square—a division of the square into exactly fitted unequal squares that was only mathematically discovered a few years ago. This rug hangs over a chess table at one end of Dr. Shannon's study. At the other end loom crammed bookshelves, twelve feet high. Access to the higher shelves is by a rolling ladder, which is, in this case, operated by an electric motor. "The only power-driven ladder in the world," said Dr. Shannon.

Yet things so awesome can apparently spill over easily into the less fraught side of life. The player piano is just as much "programmed" as an IBM 7090. Theseus, the Mouse—although he was built mostly "just for fun"—was an early example of "learning" in a machine. Even the rusty unicycle fits into this way of thinking. It is not just a balancing act, but, according to Dr. Shannon, "a complex control and predictive situation." "There are many degrees of freedom," he explained. "Stability is easily upset."

In other words, riding a unicycle involves a high degree of "feedback" and control over instability—the threat of chaos inherent in any highly organized system. Mounted on that one wheel, the cyclist is hardly in a static situation; there are any number of directions in which he can fall. In fact, information—news of random changes in his circumstances—should be reaching him constantly if he is to stay even upright. (A ride on a bicycle, in contrast, involves much less instability—hence, much less "information"—and both instability and "information" decrease proportionally in a ride on a tricycle, or a wagon.) Control, in one sense, is simply keeping up with the information "loose" in the highly unstable circumstances of the ride. The "uninformed" unicyclist ends up on his noodle. Dr. Shannon's theory has to do with attaining maximum reliability in the communication of information, and he rides a unicycle like a circus performer.

Oddly enough, this approach is really much more practical than "theoretical," no matter how it may sound. Dr. Shannon, in fact, has the kind of house he has because he likes to *apply* what he is thinking, and he can warn against machines banging into coffee tables or falling down moon holes because these are quite material possibilities, not fantasies. Actually he finds much of modern mathematics "too abstract" for his own taste. His particular genius has been for taking classical mathematical principles out of the realm of the abstract and putting them to brilliant use in the world of electronics. His master's thesis at MIT, for instance, was an application of Boolean algebra—once a purely speculative exercise in mathematical logic—to a system of electrical relays, or electronic "logic circuits." Essentially it is this kind of work that created a capacity for "reasoning logically" in electronic computers. And it is the kind of work that created Dr. Shannon a professor twice over at MIT—in communication science *and* in mathematics—the only member of the faculty to be so doubly honoured.

The mathematics of communications—the statistical analysis of "information"—is again something that Dr. Shannon began mulling over as a practical matter. "I did some cryptographic work during the war, and I began to wonder how do you communicate, secretly or not." Cryptographers break a code by searching for its redundancies (a truly random message would be pure gibberish, in English, code, or Esperanto), and Dr. Shannon applied the mathematical theory of probability to this problem.

To find out just how much of normal English is redundant, i.e., predictable without the communication of any "information," he made up some guessing games in support of his mathematical conclusions. In one, he would ask a person to guess, one after another, each letter in an unknown sentence, and surprisingly, the number of correct guesses ran extremely high. So high, in fact, that he concluded that normal English is at least fifty percent redundant; that is, half of what is communicated in a message is precisely "guessable," and therefore, contains no "information," and really need not be communicated. He would now revise that figure upward to seventy per cent, "considering long-range

statistics," which apparently reveal what must be taken as a greater dullness in normal English than existed in some of his own lively sentences. One of them was: "There is no reverse on a motorcycle. A friend of mine found this out rather dramatically the other day."

All this work in guessing games was aimed at finding the most efficient method of encoding a message in normal English —not to keep it secret, but on the contrary, to communicate it as accurately as possible. And one of Dr. Shannon's most astonishing discoveries in formulating the Theory of Information was that it is possible to encode a message so that it will be accurately communicated even if the channel of communication is faulty, given enough capacity in that channel. This is essentially saying that a perfect message can be sent over imperfect equipment and it surprised even him to find out it was true.

At present, he is interested in extensions of this idea to a possible theory of computation; that is, how can a faulty computer be made to compute reliably? "We suspect the brain works that way," he explained. "It is highly reliable no matter how poor the neurons are." In other words, man's thinking is more accurate than the faulty equipment with which he thinks.

Dr. Shannon, however, has been cautious about using the all-too-handy analogy between the human brain and the computer. Like most of the important people who have worked on artificial intelligence, he is much more concerned about collaboration between man and machine than any competition between them. Or any temporary displacement computers may cause in man's employment of men. "In the long run, they will be a boon to humanity," he firmly believes, "and the point is to make them so as rapidly as possible." Right now, for instance, he feels they're too large, and is excited by the trend toward "microminiaturization." "They're still too big for the space effort. They need to be reduced by an order of magnitude. It would be nice to get them to typewriter size."

But even more important is a problem much closer to Dr. Shannon's own interests: communications between man and machine. "Part of this is getting better," he said. The machine's output has been converted in many cases from a purely mathematical "print-out" to more immediate forms of knowledge, such as diagrams on a screen. "There is much greater empathy between man and machines," but in the "little closed loop" between the two, "we'd like to tighten it up so that we are actually talking back and forth."

For man and machine to talk back and forth, however, a threefold problem still has to be solved. It really covers most of the specific limitations that exist in present machines, and it has again to do with information. "First, how can we give computers a better sensory knowledge of the real world? Second, how can they better tell us what they know, besides printing out the information? And third, how can we get them to react upon the real world?"

To solve these difficulties would be to build a machine that would be able to avoid moon holes. It would *see* the moon hole, *tell us* that a moon hole existed, and then *react* to its knowledge of the moon hole by not falling down it. Only then would "we" and "it" be coming close to *discussing* moon holes together (the burden of conversation being upon "it," because "we" would probably never have seen a moon hole ourselves).

But there seems no reason to believe that his three-fold problem won't be solved, given the kind of scientific progress that Dr. Shannon foresees. "It's impossible to overestimate the future. This century is the equal in scientific progress of all the centuries that went before it, and I don't see any slowing down. There is this vast, unexplored sea of nature just waiting for things to be discovered in it, and the science and technology needed are progressing at an exponential rate. You see, it all feeds back into itself. Someone discovers a new principle or a new theory and it's not only new knowledge, but a new instrument for seeking more knowledge."

Scientific knowledge then is a growing thing which builds on itself like compound interest. It is a highly abstract, and vaguely mathematical, idea of progress, but putting it in magnitudes this way shows the sort of scope Dr. Shannon can give his own thinking, and he can do it not only with the body of scientific knowledge, but with his bus.

The way Dr. Shannon has handled his camping bus as a series of orders of magnitude is perhaps the best example of the mathematical *esprit* with which his mind works, even at play.

The big bus in the driveway —green and silver, fully equipped with bunks, stove, bathroom, and television—took him and his family two years to build. However, it is based on a model that he has inside on the living-room radiator that took only two weeks to build. The model is exactly to scale, with even a tiny odometer placed at the rear of the bus.

He built the model in order to figure out how to reconvert the big bus, and under the model's hinged roof, there is set out in scale furnishings all the arrangements of the big bus. But with one difference. On the table inside the model bus, there is another green-and-silver bus. That one took two days to build. And inside *that* bus, there is a tinier arrangement of doll's furniture, and another *tinier* green-and-silver bus. It took two hours to make. And inside *that* bus. . . .

Theoretically there *is* another one. "But I'm afraid," Dr. Shannon said, with a hint of real disappointment on a highly practical level, "you wouldn't be able to see it."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Brock Brower, thirty-one, and a former Rhodes Scholar, has humour, energy, and a cheering conviction that people are not one-to-one conformists. His concern with information is direct. One: he writes—short stories, articles, a novel in work. Two: at The Learning Center in Princeton he edits manuals teaching children the "new math"; "Just the sort of thing," he said, "that Shannon thinks in, only started early for the next generation."*



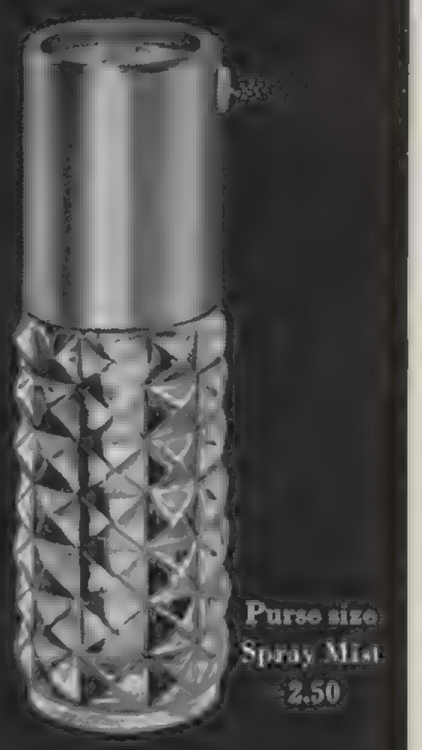
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"I, THE GRAPEVINE..."

BY EMILY HAHN

Off-the-cuff adventures of a woman who became an intra-African courier in spite of herself

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Emily Hahn, a knowing, witty, small dark expert on far places, is the author of many articles for* The New Yorker, *of many books, including her new one,* China Only Yesterday. *(She wrote the article on Hong Kong in the September 15 issue of Vogue.) Recently she took on a long stretch of investigation into Africa, and while at it, found herself the impromptu pigeon for a chain of odd domestic messages. Some of them are in this article.*

I met Amina at a cocktail party in Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika. I'd been introduced to many guests, but as far as I could see in the crowd, Amina was the only Indian there. When I said so, however, she corrected me gently but promptly, saying:

"But I'm Tanganyikan too. In my community we are all Tanganyikans—Tanganyikan Asians—though, admittedly, our ancestors came from India. It is like your country, where you are all Americans."

Independence in Tanganyika was still new and wonderful, and the government was happily occupied booting out British officials. But the British-official supply was not inexhaustible, and there might come a time when the Africans would decide that Asians, too, were capitalistic colonialistic foreigners. Amina was stating her allegiance loudly and clearly to forestall such criticism. She went on:

"Some of our community have been here for generations."

"Oh, I know, I know," I assured her. "But surely, *you've* travelled out of Africa? Away from home, that is, to visit India and Pakistan?"

Amina agreed that she had. She had even visited the United Kingdom. As a matter of fact she had relatives in all these countries. "I have a sister living in London, whose daughter is on the point of entering London University. Didn't I hear that your husband is a professor in one of the colleges in London? I'm interested because my niece has applied for a place in that very college. I don't know if she has been successful: my sister is a wretched correspondent. I do hope Fatma got in."

"Charles might know something about it," I said. "Shall I ask him next time I write?"

Amina was pleased. I wrote down the niece's name and the conversation now seemed finished, cocktail-partywise, but she lingered, and asked where I planned to go next. I said:

"The Federation. If I have time I'll visit all three parts, including Nyasaland. And after that—"

"Nyasaland? Oh, good," said Amina. "I've never been there myself, but I have a brother-in-law in Blantyre. I'll send you his address before you leave. Everybody in Blantyre knows Yussuf; he's an attorney and he knows all about Nyasaland. Give him our love. At any rate, I'll write to him immediately to say you're on your way." At this point our hostess came along and broke it up.

Writing home the next day, I asked my husband if by any chance he had a Miss Fatma Habib in one of his classes, and explained my reason for the question. Then, what with packing and this and that, I put it all out of my head, and didn't even notice the failure of Amina's letter to arrive. Hectic weeks followed and it wasn't until I stood in a Rhodesian ticket agency, booking for Blantyre, that I gave Amina's family another thought. Coincidentally, when I returned to my hotel I found a letter from Charles that was mostly about Fatma Habib. He'd made enquiries and had received a letter from the person, or the people, who interviewed applicants, saying that Miss Habib had made an excellent impression and would get a place, very likely, at the beginning of the following term. Charles enclosed the letter, for he is a meticulous man. It scarcely seemed worth sending on to Amina at this late date. I resolved instead to give it to Yussuf, the brother-in-law in Blantyre. It would interest him and he could send it on to his kinswoman.

Blantyre no more resembled the clean, open flatlands of Salisbury than it did Dar es Salaam's winding coastal environment of coconut palms and sand. Blantyre was typical Central Africa, with great trees crowding in on its roads and the roads themselves very hilly. High mountains ringed the horizon. It was tropical and sleepy, and seemed so exclusively African in population that I wondered how an Asian attorney managed to keep his foothold. Later acquaintance with Blantyre explained it; there were plenty of Asians on the other side of town. Here every shop bore an Indian name, and here Yussuf had his office. Amina had been right about his fame; I didn't need his address to find him. What I did need was a certain amount of self-possession when he looked at me blankly as I announced myself. Apparently my name meant nothing to him, until my mention of Amina cleared it all up.

"Do you mean she hasn't written warning you I'd be coming?" I asked.

He laughed. "Not a word, but then that's nothing new. Amina is hopeless—she never writes letters. Well, sit down, sit down."

Yussuf was cordial and charming. We had a cup of tea, and I brought out the letter from the registrar's office in London and told him how I

happened to have it, and he promised to send it off to Amina immediately. We talked about the political situation. As I stood up to go he said:

"Hold on a minute, I'm thinking. You say you are going on from here to South Africa: do you know anyone from our community, by any chance, in Durban? No? Because there's a man there who'd very much like to meet you. He's an Asian journalist who came up to Blantyre not long ago. I promised I'd let him know how things are progressing, but somehow I've been so busy that I haven't. Do look him up and give him my best regards. I'm afraid I haven't his address handy, but I'll write down the name of his paper and he's bound to be in the telephone book. His name is Hussein, A. Hussein."

I pocketed A. Hussein's name and went my way. Not long afterwards I arrived in Durban, the main city of Natal Province.

A popular revue in South Africa has a line that never fails to bring down the house: "Natal is also part of South Africa." Natal people consider themselves very British and preen themselves on speaking a purer English than that of their compatriots. The theory is that they have inherited this talent from British forebears who came straight to Natal to settle, rather than go to the Transvaal or the Cape, because Natal reminded them of home. I am bound to confess that Natal didn't have that effect on me.

In Durban as in Johannesburg I had to listen with excruciatingly careful attention to the salesgirls and waitresses, or I couldn't understand them at all. Nor was the landscape apt to bring Wordsworth, say, or Dickens to mind. Sugar cane grew in the countryside and the hills were sharp against the sky as they seldom are in muzzy old Constable England. It was all simply too warm and shiny—sky, sea, views—to be British. The Club, itself, noble bastion of Western culture, was outsize, though admittedly its details were evocative; carefully arranged flowers, tea in the lounge, and a copy of the South African *Tatler*, virtually indistinguishable from the original, on the table.

I spent the day with Durban friends who had teen-age children. In traditional British fashion they were steamed up over sport, and certainly there was enough of it going on to keep any hearty happy: a regatta that was scheduled that week, the approaching race season, the Rugby matches. As special excitement they had a shoal of sardines that suddenly appeared off the coast that day. My young friends rushed me down to the beach to see it. They dashed into the surf and stood ankle-deep, laughing and screaming among the silver shoals of fish, and catching them with their hands. It *was* English in a way; it was the English idea of Paradise.

In Durban, shops sold sand pails and paper hats and mildly vulgar postcards just as they do in Weymouth. The seaside road, broad and glittering in a most un-British fashion in the sun, was thronged with swooshing cars, but there were reminders of a more leisurely past along the waterfront—the Zulu rickshaw-pullers. Decked out in great cows' horns and ostrich plumes, they furnish the favourite subject of tourist postcards. Sometimes a Zulu with his load of Viking-fair children, waiting at a traffic light, would jump up and hang suspended in the air between the shafts at a considerable height, at which the ricksha tipped back and the children squealed in horrified glee. Africa was directly represented otherwise by native women in nondescript sagging dresses, offering bead necklaces for sale on the pavement. Decidedly it was not like Bournemouth or Scarborough. It wasn't even like Blantyre, a reflection that reminded me of Mr. A. Hussein.

I looked for his newspaper first in the telephone book, but it wasn't there. Then I looked for him, and there he was, far too many of him, a whole page of Husseins many of whom were blessed with front names beginning with A. In America I would not have hesitated to work my way straight down the list, but in South Africa I felt shy about doing this. Husseins who had never heard of Yussuf in Blantyre might well be suspicious of a strange female on the telephone. After thinking the problem over, I consulted the nearest Asian to hand, the Indian porter in the hotel lobby. He promptly picked up his telephone and began doing what I had shrunk from, starting at the top of the Hussein list and working his way down. On the eighth or ninth call we had a bite; the Hussein we got wasn't ours. but he had heard of ours and had a vague idea what other Hussein might be able to help. We rang that Hussein, who readily suggested yet another one.

Clearly we were on the track, and when on the next try we got an actual cousin of the genuine A. Hussein, it was practically in the bag. He told us how to reach our Hussein's mother, and she gave us her son's office number, just like that: it had been simple, after all. Delighted with our accomplishment, the porter and I shook hands.

On the phone, Yussuf's name met with immediate response: Mr. Hussein invited me to dinner that evening at his home. He added, "We Asians have to live a long way from town, you know. I'll come and pick you up and take you."

It was after five-thirty and dark when we met, and we drove off briskly. "I want you to see just how we live in this country," he said. "You can compare it with Nyasaland, where there's no *apartheid*. This street is all Indian shops. . . . We're going through a coloured district now. . . . Indian houses here. . . . Whites here. . . . Indian." He drove so fast that I had only a vague impression of each neighbourhood, taking it on faith as he spoke of badly kept streets in the non-white areas. We rolled into a great cluttered square of cement that was obviously a bus terminus, though I could hardly make out details in the poor light of a few naked bulbs strung to posts. Buses stood empty and unlit, looming like sick elephants in

(Continued on page 143)



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ABOUT CAMPS

Directors of the camps listed in this issue will be glad to send you their literature. If you would like to consider additional camps, please fill in the coupon below and mail to Vogue's Camp Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17.

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4-15-63

POP ART

(Continued from page 136)

about Negroes, in which, Alloway said, "the montage elements seem combinable in a social program," or one gathers, when they can be read as such. This seems rather too pure. Neither the aesthetic merit nor one's enjoyment of a Gothic painting is lessened if one can read its iconography. The test is whether the montage elements work *visually* to create a whole and unified picture, not whether the elements are readily legible or make a comment or are ambiguous. Why should we fear content?

Curiously, in a quite different kind of painting Rosenquist is stating a thesis. In one of his untitled works, the two detached squares of canvas on the blue sky show his conviction that man wants to "impose his will, his control, leave his mark on nature." It is, I suppose, man's universal wish. The artist does it by imposing order: the untalented man by scribbling "Kilroy was here" on a wall. Without romanticism, clear-sightedly, Rosenquist imposes poetic order on the mass-produced world.

One wonders why the controversy about these artists and this kind of art is so inflamed. Perhaps it is because the painters are painting truths hard to take. Perhaps the answer lies in the astute reflection of Lawrence Alloway, who, in addition to doing the Guggenheim show, is inventor of the phrase "pop art" and a perceptive writer on its practitioners. In the foreword of the Guggenheim catalogue he wrote, "The conjunction of the once separated areas of high and popular culture has embarrassed writers whose fortunes and status are identified with the care of high art." Perhaps one must be, like myself, something of a vulgarian, someone not only familiar with but frankly admiring of many aspects of popular culture and popular art forms in order to enjoy this new collision.

(Continued from page 141)

the dark, but one was glowing with faint light. A huge crowd of people assailed it, pushing through the back door. Everything looked black or grey, but I knew the women's shawls were probably bright enough in the daytime, and the children's clothes must have been gay-coloured.

Hussein said, "This is the worst of the system; these people live miles away from their work. They must get up before sunrise to get into town on time, and when the day's over there are never enough buses to take them back. They wait and wait, and often don't get home until ten o'clock."

We passed a number of buildings I couldn't see, but he pointed them out and named them, anyway—a school, a hospital, an administration building, another school for another race. We talked about Yussuf and Nyasaland and Tanganyika and Kenya, but Hussein was really thinking most of the time about Durban schools. We were on our way not to his house, he explained, but to his mother's, in order to pick up his children and take them home. It was part of the daily routine.

"The children couldn't possibly go to school or come home by themselves. There's no transport at all for our part of the world, nothing near our door, so my brother and sister and I leave all the children at my mother's every morning, because she's quite near the school. In the evening we pick them up, though it makes a long day for the smaller ones."

Inside the bungalow where we stopped the children could be heard, rustling and pattering and giggling behind walls and closed doors, before they appeared. Hussein called them by name and made them come, one by one, to shake hands. His mother appeared afterwards from the kitchen; a thin woman in Punjabi dress, her grey hair in a tail down her back.

As I sipped an orangeade and made conversation, I was aware of a sensation I knew Mr. Hussein wanted me to feel: anger. I didn't pity the Husseins exactly. It was a comfortable house enough and seen in the light of Asian community standards they were obviously well off. I couldn't consider the community standards alone, for I had come too recently from the company of friends with teenage children. *They* had inherited the earth and taken all the best of it, leaving only what remained to these others who could take nothing for themselves. My friends had good roads, big cars to carry their children to school or the Club, the brightest of lights at night, and a voice in their governing body. These things give a jaunty assurance. There was nothing jauntily assured at Mrs. Hussein's house.

She asked polite questions about my trip, and as soon as I mentioned Dar es Salaam she sat up straighter, a mother aroused. "My son is living there—my younger son," she said. "Have you met him?" I said I hadn't. "But you are going back later?" I said I was. "Would you ring him up, or possibly go to see him? You see, I am worried about him. We have all been waiting to hear about his wife and baby, who are to come here on a visit. Everything was arranged except one thing—what boat they were sailing on. To meet the boat we must close the house and arrange about the children, because it is a long way from here and sometimes you wait for hours and hours at the dock. I simply can not understand why Ahmed hasn't let us know. Perhaps one of them is ill. Perhaps they are all ill."

A. Hussein cut in to say soothingly, "Now Mother, you know what Ahmed is like. He's never been a good correspondent."

"But in this case, when his wife——" At this point I too cut in on Mrs. Hussein to say how glad I would be to carry a message to Dar es Salaam. I could see that A. Hussein was as relieved by this promise as his mother was. The thought crossed my mind that it was high time somebody told Asians about post offices, but I sternly suppressed it, and Mr. Hussein's mother wrote a new telephone number in my notebook.

* * *

"What letter from the college?" asked Amina in perplexity. She was one of the first of my acquaintances in Dar es Salaam that I happened to meet after my return. I said:

"The one about your niece, of course. Fatma, isn't it?" She still looked blank, and I said, "Didn't Yussuf send it on to you? He promised to, immediately."

She smiled as comprehension broke through. "Oh, Yussuf! He never writes. He's a hopeless correspondent."

In my room I rang the number the Husseins had given me, and a man answered.

"Mr. Hussein?" I asked. "Mr. Ahmed Hussein?"

"This is Ahmed Hussein speaking."

"Mr. Hussein," I said, "why don't you write to your mother?"

The voice said, "Oh dear, I know I ought to. I've been very remiss."

"The thing is, she wants to know about your wife and the baby, if they're on their way," I said. "Not having heard, she was anxious about your health. Is everybody well, in fact?"

"Oh, yes, we're all in very good health, thanks. It's not that, but my wife didn't take the boat on Wednesday; we postponed it—the baby had a slight cold, but it's cured now, that was one thing. I intended to write to Durban, I assure you, but. . . . Oh, of course, they must be worried. I'm so ——"

The voice broke off abruptly, then started again. "*Who is this speaking?*" asked Ahmed Hussein.

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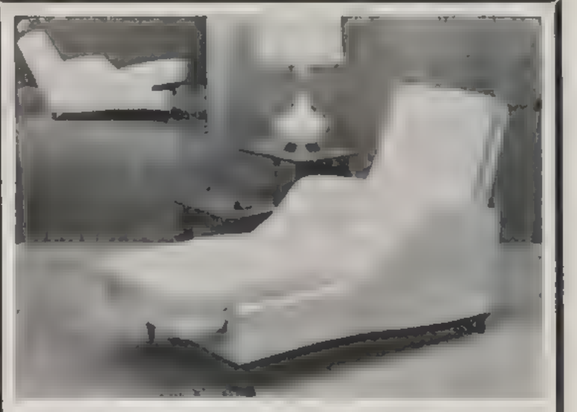


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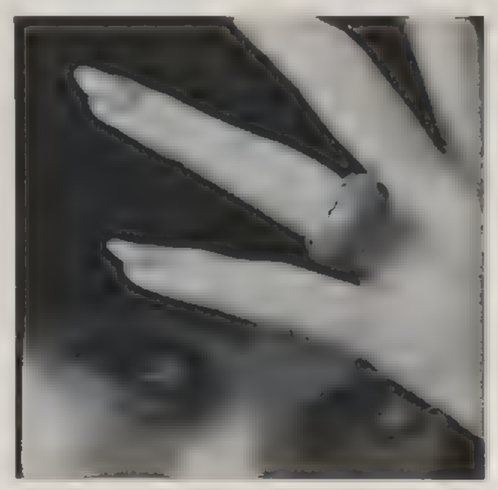
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Handmade in Italy, ankle-high boots of supple white calfskin. Also in suède—light green, black, light red, or beige; 6 to 10, narrow, medium; $19.95. Veneziano Inc., 819 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.



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Sweater with a *trompe-l'oeil* front panel—a drummer-boy print on silk. Royal-blue knitted wool, the print a mix of pale colours. Also in black, beige, plum; 8 to 16, $48. Alice Schweitzer, 739 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.

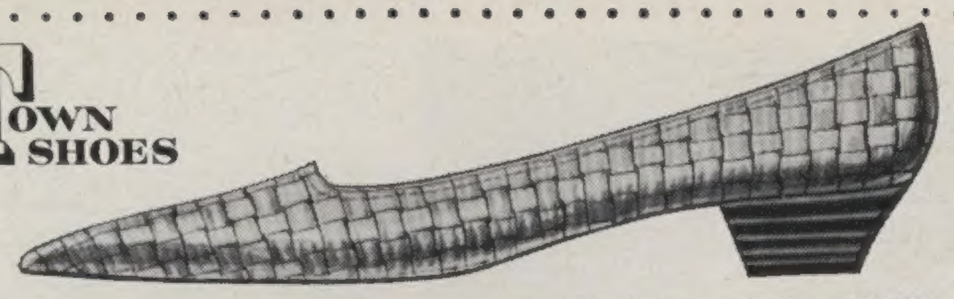


Wind it up and it's a turban. Unwound: a streamer—green straw-cloth headband trailing green chiffon on one side, blue on the other. Also in pink with yellow; solid black, or white. By Bersoie, $6.50, at Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

In bright pink, an easy silk dress with its own bolero jacket—lined with emerald-green for bite. Dress also in black, honey. By Clare Potter, 8 to 16, $159.95. Lola Gowns, 857 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.



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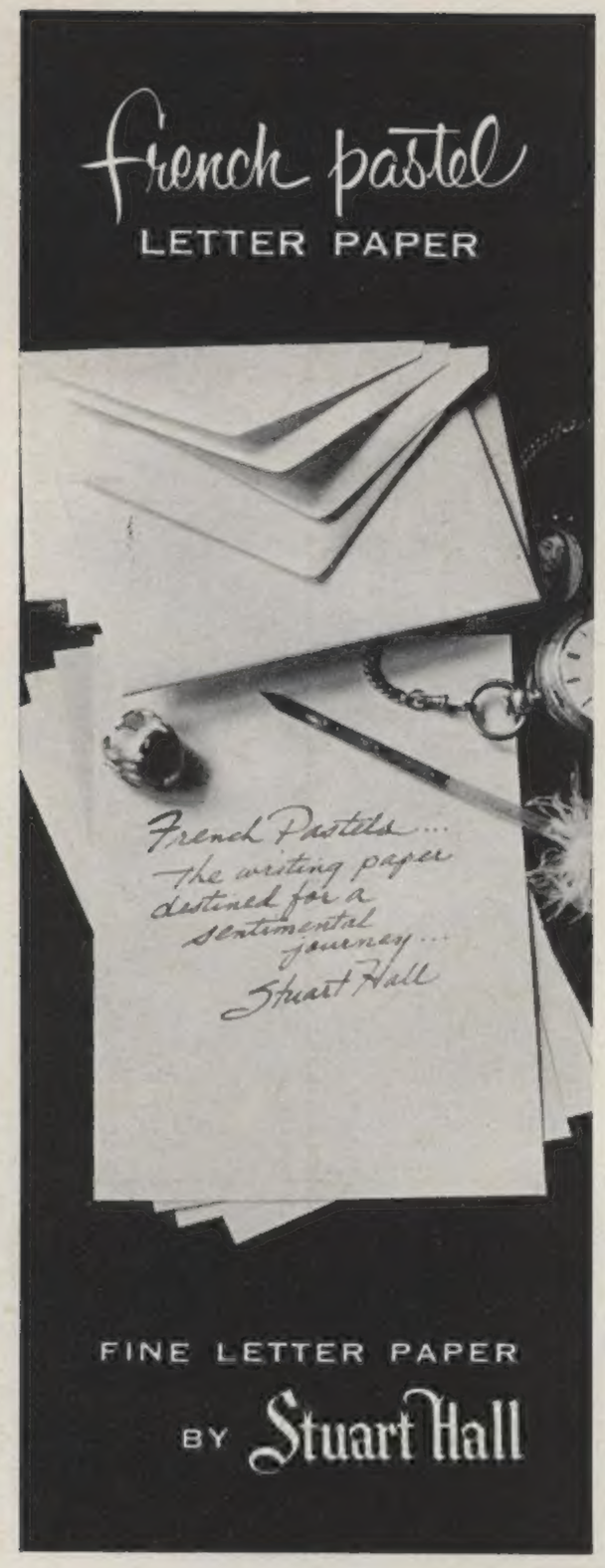


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THE GIVENCHY IDEA

(Continued from page 64)

them, or would like to wear them for a dream life without "the agony of suitcases"—ten looks photographed on pages 65 to 73, all with coiffures by Alexandre.

For herself she chose from this year's collection three things: two déshabillés and an evening dress. She also buys from Givenchy, as she needs them, enough suits to keep her working quota at two day suits —often beige or putty—plus one black one, coats picked to last for several seasons, late-day and evening dresses depending on the locale and timing of her movie plans.

When she's at home in Switzerland—a mountain top near Lucerne with a view of six lakes —she wears pants and sweaters. Pants and sweaters again when she's working every day, but a Givenchy déshabillé (perhaps shocking-raspberry linen) is "what I wear most in the evening when I'm working all day; it's a permissible dressing gown but elegant. I come home, have my bath, and put it on. Whether we have guests or not, I'm dressed."

Whether she is thinking for Hepburn-real or Hepburn-dream, it is vividly apparent that she chooses clothes with a sure eye for her proportion, an acute sense of fashion and a thorough understanding of herself within the Givenchy image. Her straight-from-the-heart summation: "I like him. I respect him. I admire him."

FURTHER NOTES ON THIS SPRING'S GIVENCHY COLLECTION

In Paris the young are in Givenchy's thrall. Youth is the fashion, and these beautifully made clothes, completely *comme il faut*, give all women the willowline of youth.

Chief among his triumphs are the brisk tailored coats, shaped to the waist and hips in front, swinging loose and flat in back. The faultless suits in everything from pebble colours to bright crème de menthe, hyacinth pink, acid yellow. Nothing clings close to the body; no line is taut; everything is shaped but easy, aloof and delightfully offhand about the female anatomy.

Linen was everywhere; one of its most exciting phases, hailed with a flurry of applause: a shirtwaist dress of gingered curry, with flapped pockets, a V-plunge at the neck, slate-grey scarf, natural straw hat. With a squash-yellow linen dress, bitter-brown gloves and scarf, a white hat.

Jersey, a Givenchy favourite, emerged as beautifully as ever, sometimes in the familiar shift pulled in with a wide, crushy leather belt; unsleeved but with a curvy extended shoulder often achieved by a rounded set-in cap sleeve.

Belts are definitely In at Givenchy, and the runaway success of this collection is the sliver-of-leather belt—black lacquery leather, caramel, beige, or white—used on even fairly short jackets, on dresses. Sometimes a mere four inches of rouleau shows at the front of a dress, is otherwise invisible, but definitely there.

Hats by day are rounded domes or jungle helmets—the most smashing of these, gleaming bitter-chocolate brown straw.

Of all Givenchy's after-sundown ideas his glittering dresses and charming déshabillés are undeniably the stars. For evenings at home one can have anything from linen to pale-yellow ottoman to a fabric that seems to consist of bright pink organdie leaves massed and mobile on (presumably) an organdie backing. Naïve in a terribly sophisticated way: an at-home coat of blue silk linen with an overlay of white cotton lace.

Perhaps the greatest dress to wear away from home is the one worn by Audrey Hepburn on page 71 of this issue. It would be easy to take, too, to a slither of white silk, banded at the top and at the hem with bright pink and silver embroidery, paillettes, et cetera. Or to the cloqué chiffons or crêpes (see page 70). And for the woman who likes to play a long shot and has the verve for it: a rather wide-skirted dress of straw-coloured silk embroidered with gunmetal and silver paillettes, worn with the further drama of a back-flung stole in deep espresso brown.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

(Continued from page 51)

Beauty gold in West Forty-fourth Street . . .

One of the most fascinating beauty dispensaries in the world is: totally freewheeling in décor (there isn't any; every square inch of the place is stacked with boxes, jars, packages of cosmetics and cosmetic-accessories from everywhere in the world) . . . entirely casual (its owner, a good-looking American blonde, smokes cigars while she hands out her frank, brilliant make-up advice) . . . something of a club (you join by walking in the door, but you're apt to see representatives from pretty much the same crowd each time you go there: models, theatrical people, magazine editors, famous merchants, and an attractive woman or two from the suburb somebody once called "Heartbourne"). The place is Evelyn Marshall's studio, three flights up and a twisty corridor walk from ~~there in the~~ old theatrical hotel, The Royalton. Because Miss Marshall may on your day be out doing make-up for photography, or in Rome casing the cosmetic situation, we think it's a good idea to telephone first, although her helpful staff—one Edwina, one Liz—keep files on clients' likes and needs.

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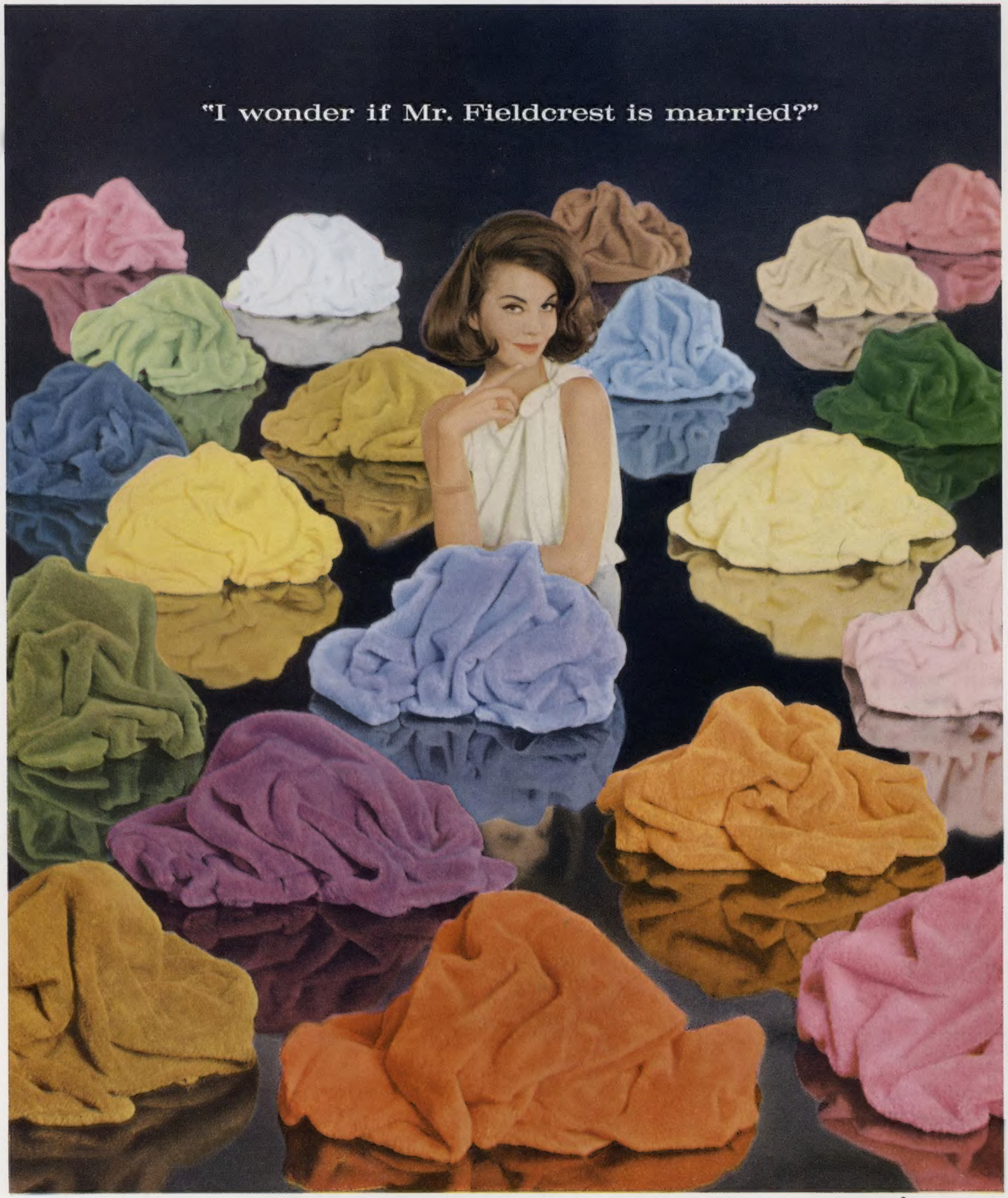
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B R E C K

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